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YOU'RE ALL THE WORLD TO ME.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

There may be other smiles more bright,
  There may be those as fair;
Another laugh more gay and light,
  And sunnier other hair;
And eyes of lighter, lovelier blue
  Than thine perchance may be—
But none with hearts more fond and true,
  And you're all the world to me!

Though summer friends their leave may take,
  And Fortune on us frown,
We'll struggle for each other's sake
  To live and laugh it down.
And though brighter days will come again,
  And happier hours will be,
In joy or sorrow, health or pain,
  You're all the world to me!

J. H. B.

THE TEMPTED SISTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NORA," "SHE WOULD BE AN ACTRESS," &c., &c.

CHAPTER III.

THE LAST WITNESS—THE ACQUITTAL—THE MEETING.

The silence in the court was profound as Henry Audley described with a concise clearness the events narrated in the preceding chapters, and the excitement was intense as his story drew to a close, and still the mystery which shrouded the case was not dispelled.

The triumphant look was yet upon his face as he depicted the gradual return to life of Hugh De Cressey, of which he was a witness, and he spoke rapidly as one who had yet more important matter to unfold, and withal was used to describing what he saw. He looked from time to time at the prisoner, who listened, without moving, to his story, until the question:—

"Was Mr. De Cressey sufficiently recovered to speak when you left?" was put by the prosecuting lawyer.

"Yes," was the reply, and now the eager excitement in the court reached its climax.

All eyes were fixed upon the witness, and, amid a hush as profound as if the crowded court were a chamber of death, the assembled hundreds learned what none had ever suspected, that the dark mystery of the night which had spread such a horror over the neighborhood, and thrilled so many hearts with fear, was not a murder but an attempted suicide, prevented at the risk of her life by the brave girl who stood there facing that expectant multitude, ready to sacrifice herself rather than there should be a stain upon the memory of her father.

The cheers which rose in the court were promptly repressed by the officers, that the remainder of the evidence might be heard, and now all looks were turned upon the prisoner, whose stony aspect had passed away, and who was weeping with a mingled host of feelings which she could not control.

The Frenchman (Lannay) looked at her with a singular expression on his face, as if he was not altogether satisfied with the result of the examination, yet he worked his way towards the dock as if he desired to be the first to congratulate her should it end satisfactorily for her. Mr. Simmons was the only witness who remained to be called, and he corroborated in every point the narrative of Henry Audley, and produced what was more important than all, a statement signed by the sick man himself, feebly, it is true, but the writing was there, visible to every eye.

There was no repressing the enthusiasm now. Cheer after cheer rang through the room and was taken up by those outside, who hailed them as tokens of the prisoner's innocence.

Hands on all sides were stretched out to clasp those of the pale girl, who was far more agitated now than when she had faced the crowd a suspected murderess, and the gentle words of congratulation addressed to her by the presiding magistrate fell upon unheeding ears. Pauline had fainted, overwhelmed by the rush of contending emotions which the avowal of the truth had aroused.

"Fetch my mother to her," said Henry Audley, who was by her side in a moment, and giving an attendant policeman the proper address, he raised the insensible form of the lovely girl in his arms and bore her to a private room which his worship placed at his disposal.

Mrs. Audley was soon on the spot, and had the satisfaction of seeing her open her eyes and ask feebly after her father.

"Sleeping when I left, Miss de Cressey," said the widow; "but you must be very cautious how you speak to him; the slightest emotion may be dangerous."

The magistrates and officials took a kind farewell of their late prisoner, whom such unforeseen circumstances had converted into a heroine; and a cab drove off with the widow and her bewildered charge, followed by a shouting crowd of delighted boys, who regarded the establishment of Pauline's innocence and the consequent noise and bustle as part and parcel of an exhibition got up for their special gratification.

Thoughtless creatures! Without a thought or care beyond the animal wants of each successive day, they would have exulted the same had it been some poor condemned wretch who was borne away to the gallows. We will not attempt to describe the meeting between Pauline and her father, each snatched from a death, how terrible.

The one who had essayed to reach "the bourne from which no traveler returns" by his own rash act; and the other, who would have laid down her pure young life rather than let the world know there had been the taint of shame upon her father's memory. Mrs. Wilkins was all smiles and congratulations. "She had never thought the poor dear guilty, not she; she knowed all along it would come all right," and fussed and fidgetted, and whispered about Pauline as she lay on the sofa till Mrs. Audley was obliged to ask her to leave her in quiet and let her rest.

How peaceful seemed the night after all the excitement of the day. The wounded man slept soundly, and progressed slowly but surely towards his recovery, and his daughter watched beside him, too agitated for sleep, with a thankful heart that the trials of the day were so well over.

CHAPTER IV.

THE AUTHOR—THE LOVERS—THE REJECTED SUITOR—THE COVERED HAND—THE PLOT—THE FIRE—THE MISSING HEIRESS.

Five years had rolled away—five years of hope and joy, of sorrow and despair—bringing ruin to some, success to others—desolating many a home and bringing lovely children to bless many a household. Time, with its noiseless step, had stolen on slowly and surely, leaving strange footprints on the sands of human life.

Many a whitened head and furrowed brow told of his silent progress; many a youth grown into a man shook off the blithesome spirit of boyhood, and entered into the world to share in its cares and troubles; many a fair girl expanding into blooming womanhood looked back five years, and wondered how they had flown, while lovely children sighed to find the time of toys gone by never to return.

The summer sun was shining in all its brilliancy, and pouring a flood of rays into a little room in a pretty villa near the small town of Stonehurst, on the south coast of Cornwall. The room betokened comfort rather than great wealth; it was apparently furnished for the occupation of a lady, as was evident from the various articles of feminine luxury which were scattered about. The predominant colors which met the eye were green and white, but they were relieved here and there by bits of coloring which showed that the presiding genius of the place had tastes of no mean order.

On the walls hung pictures in what sticklers for the strict rules of furnishing would have deemed profusion, but any such appearance was prevented by their exquisite arrangement. There was a copy, and a good one too, in water colors, of Murillo's "Spanish Beggar Boys," the brown tints of which harmonized well with the pale green of the paper. Opposite to it was one of Sir Joshua Reynolds' groups of children at play, whose sunny faces and bright garments contrasted well with the tawny faces and sombre clothing of the pair opposite.

Prints of rare excellence, with some sketches in color, filled up the remaining space, and altogether made a delightful whole. Books were not wanting; a book case, filled with an excellent selection of both grave and light reading, stood in a convenient recess, and many volumes lay on the table, mostly new and some uncut. A piano occupied one corner of the room and an embroidery frame another; a canary sang in a gilded cage suspended in the window, telling by his joyous notes that his little bower, so fresh with green weed, was adorned by a loving hand, and a tiny dog lay rolled upon the mat underneath him in quiet enjoyment.

The only occupant of the room was a gentleman, who stood in a bow window looking out upon the sea, which sparkled and danced under the glorious sunshine like a living thing. He held in his hand one of the new books and a paper knife, with which he had been cutting the leaves, and every now and then he glanced with a smile, half proud, half sarcastic, at the volume, which bore on the title page the name of "Gilbert Bertram."

"I have waited long for it," he murmured, "but it has come at last, and my father's memory is unstained even by the shadow of dishonor. I swore to myself when he died a bankrupt that I never would bear his name till I could blazen it forth to the world as that of an honorable man. I have toiled for it through long, weary years, in poverty and obscurity, but it is done at last. The name of Gilbert Bertram is here unsullied," continued he, with a look of pride at the book he held. "Already has it made a sensation; hundreds flock after the author's book, little thinking it is the same struggling hand and weary brain that have wrought so many years for a bare subsistence."

A pair of soft hands were suddenly laid on his eyes, and a silvery voice cried in his ears:—

"Who am I?"

"No one but your own sweet self, my Blanche," was the reply, and the speaker pulled down the fairy fingers with a loving hand, and the questioner was folded to his breast.

"You have been long away, dear one," he continued, caressing the golden curls that fell over his shoulder.

"Yes," the young girl replied, "a visitor has arrived, and grandmamma sent for me, and who do you think it is?"

"How should I know?" was the answer, and the speaker bent an inquiring glance upon the fair young face beside him.

"Some one who would like to be in your place," continued the blushing girl. "You need not be afraid," said she, seeing the brow of the young man was clouded, "all that was gone through long ago; the gentleman received his *congee*, and we are very good friends."

"Long ago," said Gilbert Bertram with a laugh. "Why, my lily flower, what an old woman you must be getting."

"Well, six months ago then—before I saw you," she returned.

Blanche de Cressey was, at this time, just seventeen, and was as lovely a specimen of budding womanhood as was ever seen. Of middle height and elegantly formed, she appeared to a casual observer older than she really was, for she had been early accustomed to all healthy exercises, and so had obtained a firmness of carriage and ease of deportment which are seldom seen in one so young.

Her face, in its bewitching loveliness, was the theme of universal admiration; she had a clear, varying complexion and a bright blue eye, and her hair, of a rich golden brown, fell about her shoulders in sunny curls. She had been brought up in strict seclusion by her uncle and grandmother, in accordance with her mother's dying wish. Her grandfather, who had amassed a fine property in trade, had been dead many years, leaving his widow an ample jointure and his son a fine fortune.

This Mr. Hilton (such was his name) had tripled by fortunate speculations, till at the time of our narrative he was by far the richest commoner in that part of the county. His mother, who was a simple, frugal woman, had laid by, from year to year, large sums out of her liberal allowance, and to all this Blanche was the reputed heiress.

Of course some were quite ready to woo and win a young lady of such rare attractions; but Mr. Hilton guarded his treasure wisely and well, and, while allowing her complete liberty in her choice, he took care to shield her from fortune hunters. Gilbert Bertram, an author of no small repute, visited Stonehurst with his mother, for the benefit of her health, and, having a letter of introduction to the uncle of Blanche, was soon on terms of friendship with him.

He had not long visited the house ere he was struck with the rare charms of Blanche. Admiration soon deepened into love, and at the time of our story he was the affianced husband of the lovely heiress, with the full consent of her prudent relations.

He possessed no great amount of wealth, but he was rising rapidly to eminence in his profession, and, as Mr. Hilton observed, "Blanche had plenty," though he wisely resolved that his darling's property should be strictly settled on herself. Report said that his sister's husband had been a spendthrift and a *roue*, and that her fine fortune had been wasted at the gaming-table. Of this, however, he was never known to speak, and the name of Blanche's mother was rarely mentioned in her childhood's home. Mr. Hilton interrupted the *tete-a-tete* of the lovers by his entrance with the gentleman of whose arrival Blanche had been telling Mr. Bertram.

He was tall and slight, with the bearing and manners of one moving in the fashionable world. His face was regular and generally considered handsome, but there was something in the snake-like glitter of his black eyes and the sinister curl of his finely cut lip that spoke of a fierce and cruel disposition, and a character not to be trusted.

His hair was short, and lay close to his head in short, crisp curls of so jetty a black as to appear unnatural. The new comer was introduced to Gilbert as Mons. Lannay. He seemed rather a tolerated than a welcome guest, and Blanche, feeling herself somewhat *de trop*, left the room to seek her grandmother.

She did not see the mutual start of recognition that attended the introduction, or hear the muttered oath that rose to Lannay's lips, as he bowed and smiled with the utmost politeness. Her uncle joined them in conversation for a few minutes, and then, apologizing on the score of business, left the two gentlemen together.

Gilbert Bertram looked at the new comer for a minute, and then quietly said:—

"So we meet at last."

"Yes, at last," was the answer; "and here we are rivals, it seems."

"The rivalry is not of my seeking," said Gilbert; "I have no ambition to rival Mons. Lannay."

"Nor I to emulate the great Gilbert Bertram," was the sneering response. "I have no sympathy with your beggarly calling. I marvel much at Mr. Hilton giving his pearl of price to any but a rich man."

Gilbert's face flushed, but he did not speak; secure in Blanche's love he forbore to quarrel with her uncle's invited guest, so he merely said:—

"I do not know why you should despise me, nor my calling either, Mons. Lannay. It is not generally considered a degradation to be an author."

"Has your lily flower—as I just now heard her uncle call her—considered what an author's life may be to share, suppose any accident deprives her of her fortune," said Lannay, with a sneer. "Even if he is successful, what is he? The lion of an evening party may be the pet monster of a dozen silly women, or he may be that idol of the public for a single night, the author of a play, who comes forth to bow and scrape, and thank the cheering audience for their praise, who gaze upon him and go home to bed, and, ere the morning breaks, forget his name."

Bright and clear shone Gilbert Bertram's eye as he looked upon the man before him.

"So you despise an author, do you, sir?" said he. "I see you do; your high patrician blood rises, and boils, and ferments when you touch an author's hand! Yet you would warmly press a gambler's palm, and hail him friend; you would sit at the table with a swindler, and drink his wine and call him friend, too, while his ill-gotten gains lasted. But an author—one who spends his life in striving to ennoble and to cheer his fellowmen—oh! he's too low, too humble, too degraded to be the friend of Mons. Lannay. I tell you, sir, if I do but write one sentence that shall bring a ray of comfort to a desolate home, or help one struggling heart to battle with the world, I shall not have used in vain the talent heaven has given me. Hubert Lannay, beware! I know you!"

And he left the room bending a speaking look on his companion, who shrank beneath it. There was one remarkable trait in the manner of Hubert Lannay. He never cordially held out his hand to any one, and, in shaking hands, his clasp was light, as if the will was wanting or the act was painful.

When this was remarked he accounted for it by saying that when a young man he had been run through the hand by a fall on some spikes, and that the wound had never been thoroughly cured, and, as if in confirmation of his statement, he wore on the plam of his right hand a black patch, ingeniously secured to the fingers and wrist so as to be hardly seen.

He looked with mingled fear and hatred after Mr. Bertram, and muttering:—"Can he know!—does he suspect?" opened the window and walked into the garden. The early dinner of the Hiltons was over by daylight, for they had not arrived at the fashionable system of dining at bedtime, and Blanche and Gilbert being in the garden, and Mr. Hilton napping, Lannay sauntered out for a stroll, taking care to let the servants see him go.

He walked slowly down the little street of the quiet town, raising great admiration and wonderment among all the old maids, who always swarm in country towns, by the elegance of his dress and appearance. When clear of the main street, and at the outskirts of the place, he turned down a narrow lane, and knocked at the door of a squalid-looking house at the end of it.

"Who's there?" was asked from within.

"Pierre," was the answer.

The door was opened by a young man of sinister appearance, and Lannay entered the house and carefully barred the door.

"Well?" said the man.

"It is not well at all," said Lannay, or Pierre; "I don't get on at all."

"I don't know what you call getting on," returned the other. "Are you not in the house an invited and honored guest?"

"Invited? Yes. Honored? No," was the reply. "They suspect something—they don't know what. Besides, that cursed Bertram is there."

"Why, what can he be to you, or know of you?" asked the companion of Lannay, who bore the name of Gustave.

"He is everything to me just now," responded Lannay, "and I am afraid he knows everything into the bargain."

The other started up with an oath.

"By the bones of my father!——"

"Which you sold to the surgeons, my boy," interrupted his companion; and they both laughed, but their laughing was more like that of two fiends than human beings.

"What by the bones of your father, my boy?" proceeded Lannay.

The young man laid his hand upon a pistol, which hung by the fireplace.

"Dead men tell no tales," said he.

"No, no; it is too soon for that," was the answer; "besides, a murder makes such a noise in the world. I must have the girl, and the will too, and you must help me."

"What good will the will do you?" was the next question put by Gustave. "The old gentleman will make another.

"I somehow think he would not be alive to make one after I receive the one already in existence," said Lanny, with a diabolical laugh. "Then all the property goes to Blanche—*my* Blanche, as she will be then—and through her to me."

"Of course, when she *is* your Blanche," said the other. "But what if she will not have you?"

"She will have but one alternative; either to be thrown upon the world as my cast off mistress, or to bear my name lawfully," answered Lannay; "and I think she will choose the latter alternative. I'll keep her fast enough till I gain her consent, I'll warrant you. Are you sure you know the way in?"

"Perfectly," answered Gustave. "I was there myself one night on a little business; but that old man they keep was up cleaning plate, so my business had to be postponed."

"Well, don't postpone it any longer than to-night. Is all ready?"

"Oh, yes! And the first class carriage taken for my master and the idiot lady to travel in—ha, ha, ha!" and the two worthies chuckled again in hideous mirth.

The little household of Mr. Hilton kept early hours, and about the time when the fashionable world are wheeling through London streets to balls and parties they were retiring to rest. The room assigned to Gilbert Bertram was at the end of a long corridor, and adjoining that of Lannay's.

At the opposite end was the chamber of Mr. Hilton, and midway between them were the bed-rooms of Blanche and her grandmother, which had a door of communication between them. Gilbert was wakeful that night; he was so happy in his new-won treasure, and mixed with that feelings of doubt and apprehension ill-defined, but still existing, respecting Lannay.

What could he want there after being refused the hand of the heiress? He sat long by the window looking out into the night after he had extinguished his lamp. The moon lit every object in view with almost as clear a radiance as the noonday sun, and twice he saw a man look out from behind a large tree which marked the turn of the road near the villa, and gaze long and anxiously at the house, though not, it seemed to him, at the window where he sat.

"Pshaw!" he murmured, "fancy! Why should I sit here imagining like a silly girl that every man I see is bent on mischief?" and closing the blind, he retired to rest.

He dropped asleep almost instantly, as is often the case after deep thought; and though his brain had been busy to the last moment, his sleep was dreamless and profound. He did not hear the stealthy footsteps which touched the carpeting outside his door, nor the stifled exclamation in a female voice which came from one of those centre rooms.

He heard nothing, felt nothing, till he was roused with a shock as if a cannon had been discharged by his bedside at the wild cry of "Fire! fire!"

Starting from his bed in wild terror, throwing on some clothes, he scarce knew how, he darted from the room to see—what? Smoke pouring in dense volumes from Mr. Hilton's room, the door of which stood open; while—oh, horror! red flames were already thrusting their fiery tongues under the door of the apartment of Blanche.

He remembered the scene long afterwards; the terrified, screaming servants and their equally frightened master, who was fully dressed, as though he had never been in bed. Gilbert saw at a glance that to enter the room by the door in the passage would be madness, as the fire was evidently close on the other side.

He sprang through Mr. Hilton's room, saying:—"Look to your mother, sir;" and shouting "Blanche! Blanche! my darling, I am coming!" rushed into the room.

Fire was everywhere in the little chamber. Bed-hangings, window curtains, all were in a blaze, and the fairy like toilet table was rapidly becoming a mass of shapeless cinders.

Gilbert was almost suffocated. With one spring he bounded across the room and gained the window; one vigorous thrust shattered the whole of the lower part, and the escape of the stifling smoke made breathing somewhat easier.

Again calling wildly on Blanche, whom he feared was suffocating, he tore the already blazing coverlid from the bed and prepared to lift her form into purer air.

Twice, thrice he plunged his arms into the burning mass, heedless of the fiery flakes which fell thickly about him. All in vain—no Blanche was there—nothing but the burning bed; and with a choking dread in his heart he staggered back into the passage, just as the door of Lannay's room opened and he appeared half dressed upon the threshold.

"What is the matter?" said he.

CHAPTER V.

THE SUITOR—THE WRITTEN PROMISE—THE DINNER PARTY—THE STORY—THE FIRST LOVE—THE CATASTROPHE—THE SCHEME.

The last rays of the setting sun were gleaming in bright radiance into a splendid drawing room in the neighborhood of Hyde Park. Every article that luxury could invent or wealth purchase was there to add to its splendor. Valuable paintings adorned the walls; a costly carpet covered the floor, and the gleaming of gilded furniture met the eye at every turn. Rare flowers bloomed in a small conservatory, and the windows, shrouded by curtains of the finest lace, opened on a garden laid out with the exquisite taste of a *connoisseur*. Books and articles of *vertu* were scattered about on the tables, and amid all this magnificence sat Pauline de Cressey.

Not the Pauline of five years ago; no longer the pale, quiet girl whom every one loved for her very humility; not the Pauline who in her noble purity would have shielded her father's name from dishonor at the sacrifice of her life; but a self-possessed woman of the world, with a look of wearied *ennui* on her face which many women would be a life-time in attaining.

This is not the Pauline who used to trudge wet and cold to her daily work, and returned at night, worn and happy in the thought that her hands were providing their daily bread; but a haughty heiress, proud of her matchless beauty and exulting in her expected wealth. Looking at her as she sits on a low couch, near the open window, she forms a lovely picture.

She is of the *petite* order of beauties, with exquisitely formed features; her face, of rather an Eastern shape, is lighted by a pair of splendid dark eyes, and her hair, of raven blackness, which used to hang in such profusion about her, is gathered up into a knot at the back of her head, and confined by a comb of gold and coral, leaving only a few stray curls to fall loosely on her neck.

Her ears, which are remarkably small and well-formed, are ornamented with drops to match the comb. There is a restless expression in her handsome face, and a mournful look about her eyes which speak of a mind ill at ease, and she twitches impatiently at the tassel of her fan, as if memory were troubling her with thoughts she would fain be rid of.

She is dressed for a dinner-party, but is ready early, and is whiling away the time as best she can. She wears a white watered silk dress with coral ornaments, which contrast well with the delicate brilliance of the material, and give a warm glow to her dark, clear complexion. A light footstep made her look up, and she started slightly as Hubert Lannay stood before her.

"You are very lovely this evening, Pauline," said he.

"There is no need of compliments," was the reply. "We are alone."

The cutting contempt with which the few words were spoken would have cowed many a bolder or honester man. Not so Lannay. He replied, with a smile:—

"I see it, and I am very glad of it. I want some quiet talk with you."

Pauline shuddered, but only said:—

"Well, sir, go on."

"When will you give me your promise—when fix the day for our marriage?" asked he, with a penetrating glance.

Pauline raised her eyes to his face with an appealing look.

"Oh! why are you so hard—so cruel?" said she. "You know I cannot love you—our marriage will not benefit you. Leave me at peace."

"Leave you at peace!" he said, with a sneer. "Why, you are actually growing sentimental, like the innocent Pauline of former days."

"Of former days!" she repeated, with a sigh. "Ay, I was an innocent and happy girl then. And now——"

"And what are you now that needs such sighing over?" said he.

"I am—what you have made me," was the response. "Cold, heartless, calculating, unfeeling, like yourself, caring for nothing in this world and hoping for nothing in the next."

"You are an apt pupil," Lannay replied, "and do credit to your master. Oh, I have moulded you to my hand! You will make an excellent wife—a helpmate, is not that the word?"

"Oh, cease!" said Pauline; "I will not marry you, I will die first! I cannot think why you pursue me thus. What motive have you?"

Lannay, with a slight muscular movement of the face, which he vainly endeavored to control, fixed his eye on his victim with the gaze of a serpent about to make its last spring, and in a deep tone replied:—

"Motive?—the same motive which has prompted me for five years to lead your father on from fault to fault, from crime to crime; to pile up proof upon proof of his nefarious transactions, till, with a single breath, I could hurl him from his pinnacle of boasted wealth and consign him to a felon's cell. Yes, Pauline, with one word I could make all your vaunted splendor fade away like a mist, and leave you friendless, homeless, penniless! My motive—will you have it? Revenge!"

"Revenge!" said Pauline. "What have I done to you that you should seek revenge on me?"

"Listen!" said Lannay, drawing close to her and looking in her face.

"Many years ago, when I was little more than a boy, I loved a woman—with no boy's love, mark you, but with a wild, passionate ardor which nothing could control or subdue. She was beautiful, and to me ever loving and affectionate, and I thought, like a fool, she was sincere. I parted from her one evening with her kiss warm upon my cheek, her last word a promise to be mine on a given day.

"I returned unexpectedly an hour after, and, hearing voices, listened—listened to her silvery voice laughing at the young fool, her dupe, and fixing for the second time that night her marriage day. I burst into the room and saw what it is impossible that a lifetime of memory can efface. She whom I so fondly, wildly worshiped plighting her troth to another. I could have killed him, but I did not; the sight of her stayed my hand. I swore to have revenge. I have had it and will have it still."

Pauline trembled at the look on his face.

"What have I to do with this?" she asked.

TO BE CONTINUED.

I LEFT HER.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY SAMUEL N. MITCHELL.

I left her, but her image I ne'er shall forget,
Or the soft silken curls that hung 'neath her net;
Her sweet, rosy lips I shall never more press,
Or give her a loving and fond caress.

I left her, the reason I do not know why,
I left her to mourn, to fret and to die;
She loved me, I know, for she oft told me so,
But when she asked me to marry I always said no.

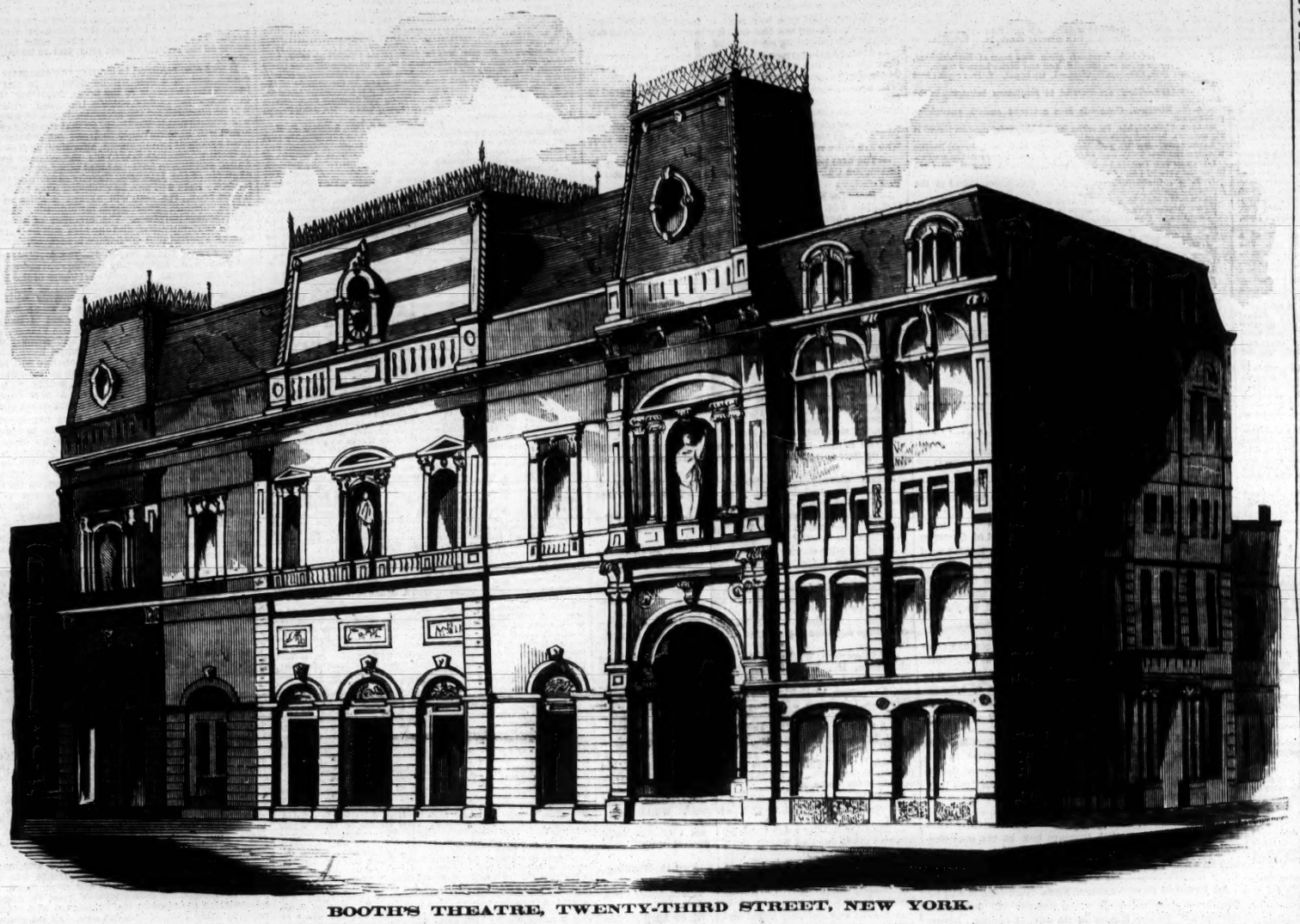
When she lay with the fever upon a sick bed,
I did not go near her to cool her poor head;
She sent for me once, did this angel so fair,
And when I came not, sent a lock of her hair.

At last she departed her short, weary life,
And went to a land that knows not of strife;
Now she joins with the angels in praises of love,
Oh! that I were with her in heaven above.

In the church yard, down by the old granite towers,
There's a grave ornamented with holly and flowers;
The headstone says:—"Sadie"——"age, twenty-one years,"
And the flowers are watered each day with my tears.

In the ring on my finger, that same lock of hair
Finds refuge, that I may remember the fair;
And as the days fly I shall never forget
'Twas once a silk curl that hung 'neath her net.

Providence, R. I.



BOOTH'S THEATRE, TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK.

AMONG THE VENUSES

Being Stray Leaves from a Private Journal.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

We went yesterday to the Musee Borbonico. The collection of paintings did not please me so much as I had anticipated, but the marbles are superb. I expect to see nothing finer in Rome or Florence. Among a host of Venuses is the Venus Callipyge—she who successfully disputes the pretensions of the Medici—and a sweet creation she is! Not the modest, startled, timid, novice that genius delights to represent her, but the saucy, warm, inviting queen of love, whose life was one voluptuous sea of passion, and whose character was neither shy, bashful, nor intellectual. I have seen tolerably correct copies of the Medici and the Venus of the Capitol. As embodiments of the purely ideal they seem perfect. Finer forms never blessed the fancy. They are the very types of love's young dream, but still not the Venus of Cyprus—who was a thing to feed on—an every day enjoyment—a real woman! They are mere Nymphoiepsies, and could Pygmalion give life to the Venus de Medici to-morrow his passion would calm itself to sleep under the gaze of her cold, unearthly, intellectual face. She looks the essence of pure Platonism, whose serenity of soul no emotion could ever ruffle, and yet they call her the representative of a goddess who was entirely and completely a woman, with all a woman's charms, her faults, her follies and her feelings. Look at that delicate head of the Medici, that lofty brow, that thin, unsensual lip, that shrinking expression, and tell me if it conveys a correct idea of her who cuckolded Vulcan, flirted with Mars and ravished Adonis. As the wanton goddess of love, the Naples Venus stands unrivaled. The attitude alone is decisive, it is so original; the half turned head, the playful uplifting of the robe, the careful exposure of the limbs, the coquettish manner, all bespeak the enchanting art of the fair cyprian. Then the expression of the face is so characteristic, mischievous, confident and tantalizing, full of warmth and sensibility, yet disposed to make you woo before win. The right breast and shoulder can truly challenge nature. Nor is classical correctness of feature the least charming part of her face.

There was a young French girl looking rather supercilliously at the legs, as if she could present a better pair if allowed to mount the pedestal. But such comparison would be dangerous for any legs that have yet come under my observation, and I have seen not a few good ones in my time. The gem of the collection, in my poor opinion, is a mutilated head of Psyche. There is little left save the face—but such a face! It has the very expression which I always thought impossible for the sculptor to give to marble—which I have never before seen and which I never expect to again. The Psyche alone embodies the idea of the pure, strong, earthly love. She alone possesses that unutterable gentleness—that thoughtful presence of emotion which ought to accompany it; the downcast look, the softly veiled anxiety, the dejected bend of the head are there; the joy that was, the sadness that is, the sorrow that may be, are all blended in exquisite harmony, and you pause to watch her soul awake from its sleep. The history of earth's most beautiful passion, in all its phases, breathes in that eloquent fragment. I shall certainly have a hand in the next revolution in Naples, if it is only to take advantage of the commotion to steal Psyche.

Thus far the Italian women have disappointed me. With the exception of the Genoese Marcise, I have not seen a decidedly handsome woman. They have brilliant eyes and hair like midnight, but they don't look clean, are badly dressed and have miserable limbs. There seems to be no middle class of society among them, over dressed ladies and under dressed slovens are the whole extent of the division. They have but two occupations—love and devotion. The morality of the upper classes I know nothing about—rumor makes it bad enough; that of the lower classes is below par.

I called, with an Italian friend, upon the first *danseuse* of the San Carlo; after ascertaining my intentions she declined the honor, but recommended me to her sister; this almost rivaled Cato—but it was outdone by a Maltese, who, after several attempts to please my fastidious taste, presented me to a young girl of scarcely fourteen, who spoke three languages, and was desirous of finishing her accomplishments by becoming a mistress; after pronouncing upon her merits I asked her origin and the terms of purchase; the girl was her own daughter and the equivalent was eight napoleons. I smiled as I thought of our missionaries converting the heathen. Last evening, near the palace, I met a blind man, led by a good specimen of Italian beauty—dark complexion, stealthy eye, all fire and softness, prominent breast and magnificent head of hair. Partly from pity, more from admiration, I poured a lot of small coin into her extended hand. She looked at them a moment with sparkling eyes, then smiling most graciously, asked me when I would come to see her; so much for my own experience of Naples' morality. Perhaps a vain man might find some palliation for such conduct in his own assassinating qualities; but excess of flattery would hardly dare to rank me beyond the deucedly genteel or the quietly insinuating.

NAPLES, 185—.

A REMINISCENCE

IN THE

EARLY HISTORY OF THE CINCINNATI STAGE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

The first time I ever entered a theatre was in Cincinnati, in the spring of 1826. It was situated on Columbia street, between Main and Sycamore streets, and was under the management of Samuel Drake, Sen. The company consisted, as near as I can recollect, of Messrs. Kelsey, Page, Henderson, Edgerton, Anderson, Carter, Sol and Lem Smith, Alexander Drake, and Samuel Drake, Jr.; Mesdames A. Drake, Fosdick (Mrs. A. Drake's sister), Carter, Henderson, S. Drake, and "the little prodigy," Miss Carter. The bill for the evening was "Tom and Jerry," and the farce of the "Purse, or the Benevolent Tar." During that and the following season I frequently visited the theatre. It was there I first saw the celebrated English tragedian, Thomas A. Cooper. It was the summer of 1827, and I was informed that he was the first star actor who ever appeared on the Cincinnati boards. During that engagement I saw him play Othello, Damon, Macbeth, and Bertram, to crowded houses; he was ably supported by the above named company.

Some time after there came to Cincinnati another star of considerable magnitude—Miss Kelly, the distinguished English actress—who made a professional tour of the United States. During her stay in Cincinnati I saw Mr. A. Drake play Benedict to her Beatrice in "Much Ado About Nothing," and in the afterpiece play Diggory Rednall to her Marian Ramsey. Such was the versatility of his talent that he could play any characters, and play them *well* too. I have seen him play Romeo to Mrs. Drake's Juliet, and the farce play Dr. O'Toole. At that day Mr. Drake used frequently to sing the song "Love and Sausages," which was very popular at the time. Mr. Powers—who has since become so distinguished as a sculptor—prepared a "counterfeit presentment" in attitude, face, form and costume of Mr. Drake in character, singing "Love and Sausages," and placed it upon the stage one evening when it was announced that Mr. Drake would, between the play and farce, sing "Love and Sausages;" when the curtain rose for the song, there stood—as the audience supposed—the veritable "Aleck," but when, immediately after, came Mr. Drake, and took his position along side the wax figure and began to sing, every one present was electrified, and, as a matter of course, it brought down the house.

Mr. Fred. Henderson, in his line of "old men," was very popular. Mr. Kelsey, the leading man, was a very fine general actor, and often played not only tragedy, but in comedies and farces; what became of him I never heard; he was a young gentleman of great promise, and would have made his mark if he had remained in the profession. Mr. Page, as low comedian, was very popular in Cincinnati at that day. Mr. Anderson was a fine actor, and played Pizarro, Pythias, Iago, Macduff, and such like characters admirably.

Mr. Sol Smith—who died some time ago in St. Louis—made an excellent Mawworm in the "Hypocrite," at one time he played only occasionally, being engaged in the publication of the "Independent Press." His brother Lemuel, though young in the profession, bade fair to become a

favorite in genteel comedy; he went south many years ago, and played for some time in Milledgeville, Ga., and was killed in a street fight in that city. The other members of the company were responsible in their lines of business.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1870.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

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FRANK QUEEN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
Corner of Centre and Leonard streets,
Box 3,860 New York P. O.

NOTICE.

☞ CORRESPONDENTS, advertisers, and all others writing in relation to matters connected with this or any other department of the CLIPPER, are respectfully requested to address their favors to the editor and proprietor, and thereby avoid omissions, mistakes and confusion which are likely to occur when such communications are addressed to our assistants.

NOTICE.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

To Correspondents.

BALL TOSSER.—1. The Mutuals will probably open play on the third Tuesday in April, on the Union grounds, we believe. 2. The short stop is the more important of the two, as he has frequently to occupy one or other of all the positions on the bases, and he is also required to cover more ground than any other player in the nine. 3. Pearce is with the Atlantic Club, but, greatly to his surprise, has been left off the nine; a mistake, we think. 4. Start and Mills are about equal. They are the best the two clubs ever had, and of course each is the best in the opinion of the members of his own club. As a matter of choice between the two we should prefer Start for the position at first base, and Mills as a general player. 5. Wolters decidedly. Indeed, we rank Wolters as one of the most effective pitchers of the country.

INQUISITIVE.—1. Mr. W. B. Harrison, now singing at the Theatre Comique, is the same one that sang at Canterbury Hall, in this city. 2. Mr. Bartholomew never performed at 444 under any other name than his own. There was a man named Burke who played a short time with Mabit while Bartholomew was playing at Washington. 3. Helen Smith was married to Harry Bloodgood, but got a divorce, and is now the wife of Frank Kerna. 4. Addie Le Brun was a *dowse*, and played small parts at Barnum's Museum, corner of Ann street and Broadway. 5. O'Brien.

FAIR ACTRESS.—1. The first bill presented at the old Park theatre was "As You Like It," in 1798, under Dunlap and Hodgkinson's management. "Richard Third," with Mr. Fennell as Richard, and "Medical Afterpiece," "Prize" or 3, 5, 3, 6" were performed on October 6th, 1806. Mrs. Wheatley played Lady Anne, in "Richard," on that occasion. Doors opened at 5 P. M., and performances commenced at 6½. 2. In the conflagration occurred on Dec. 16th, 1848, the date of the last appearance of the Montplaisir troupe. Thos. Hamblin was then manager.

CONSTANT READER, Shelbyville, Ky.—There was no talk of a match between Dexter and Thorn, for $5,000, as we can find out. The idea may have originated from the fact that Mr. Bonner offered to give $100,000 for any horse that could perform Dexter's feat at Prospect Park, under precisely similar conditions, of trotting a mile to a wagon and driver weighing 3 lbs., in 2:21¾, without a break or skip, after walking all the way from his stable in Twenty-seventh street, in New York, to the course the same day.

ASTON HALL, New Orleans.—1. Joe Emmett was born in St. Louis, Mo., of Irish parentage. His father was a descendant of Robert Emmett. His age is about twenty-seven. He was a drummer attached to one of the St. Louis regiments during the war, and went by the name of Joe Dutton. 2. It is not necessary that a song and dance man should understand music. 3. Emmett is decidedly the better of the first three; the last one we never heard.

J. J., Syracuse, N. Y.—The longest running jump on record is 29 feet 7 inches, made by John Howard, of Bradford, Eng., from a firm spring board, two feet six inches in length, wedge-shaped, raised four inches in the front, on Chester race course. From level ground he could not clear twenty feet; in fact, no man ever could clear twenty-six feet without the assistance of a pole, board, or block of wood similar to that from which Howard jumped.

MONKEY FACE, Brooklyn.—"In match between Athletic and Atlantic at the Capitoline grounds, 5th of July, 1869, it beats that the first two in the Athletics made home runs; Gedney's man got out, and second and third made home runs. Please decide.".....Both are wrong—Cuthbert made a home run on the Athletic side on the first innings, and Pearce and Small led off with home runs on the Atlantic side, Pike also getting one.

WAVERLEY.—1. "Griffith Gaunt" was played for the first, last and only time, at the New Bowery Theatre, on December 17th, 1866. "Middy Ashore" filling up the programme. The theatre was turned down on the next evening, December 18th, before performance began, consequently "Griffith Gaunt" and the "Middy" were the last plays performed there.

POLAND, Ohio.—"A, B and C are playing seven-up. A has five points and B six; the cards are then dealt and the next hand is played until A saves his *Jack*, when he shows the ace and claims the game; but B holds *low* and claims out. Which wins?".....B's low gives him the game, as Jack does not count until after low, unless it is turned up as trump, when it is scored at once.

AGRA, New Orleans.—1. Edwin Forrest appeared on the stage when he was about ten or eleven years of age. 2. He was playing star engagements before he was in his teens. 3. Age or youth would depend on the merits of the performer; a stranger would not stand as good a chance unless he could convince managers of his superiority over residents.

JAS. MCD., Clinton, Miss.—1. It is not proper for a dealer to deal three cards to his adversary and two to himself, or *vice versa*; an equal number must be given each player on every round. 2. John C. Heenan resided in New Orleans for some time. 3. Lotta was born in New York city.

J. S. H., Boston, Mass.—1. Abe Hicken beat Careless, Hawley, Weston, Fellowes and Pete Maguire (the latter in this country); was beaten by Ted Napper, and fought draws with Mic the Grecian, Bob Farrar, Holmes and Jim Gallagher. British Flyer's age will cost you $5.80. Those ordered by Wm. Clark have not yet arrived.

ESSENCE.—1. Joe Mack was in Buffalo the last we heard of him. 2. The only remedy a poor voice has is to practise and persevere; to find out if you can improve it, any, go into some one of the schools of music, get the correct sound of notes and then cultivate your voice, and you will soon find out whether you will ever be a singer or not.

W. B. gan D.—Go to my house. Does the quick-change Stewart or Lingard, Mr. J. C. Stewart, better known as fattie Stewart, has the credit of doing the quickest change on record, taking off one complete dress, putting on another, and blacking his face, in the short space of seven seconds.

WALLACK.—1. The mother of the Worrell sisters has not performed on the dramatic stage, but has appeared in equestrian acts. 2. He is their father. 3. Jennie and Irene are married. 4. The company is broken up. 5. A letter sent in care of J. Poole, postmaster, Little Neck, L. I., will reach them.

GALENA.—"A B C and D are playing euchre; A and C being partners, A deals. B passes and C says he will assist; D then says he will play it alone. Can his assistance be refused?.....C has assisted him, he, in fact, orders up his partner.".....If A made no response, and C did not order it up, D can order it up and go alone.

SPITFARMER, St. Louis.—1. The flag is a red triangle at one end with a white star in the centre of the triangle, with stripes of blue and white alternately flowing out of it. 2. We do not know what their regular uniform is, or the number of men they have in the field.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER, Chicago.—As no hour was specified for putting up the balance of the stakes, any time before 12 o'clock, P. M., was in time. If you put up your money before that and Bussey refused, you are entitled to the forfeit. Bussey has no claim whatever on it.

SULLIVAN.—1. Yankee Sullivan had several *aliases*, but it is asserted that his true name was Frank Ambrose, which he was compelled to drop after escaping from penal servitude. 2. His first opponent in the ring was Hammer Lane.

A NEW READER, Jerseyville, Ill.—1. Aaron Jones beat Bob Wade, was beaten by Harry Orme, Tom Paddock (twice), Tom Sayers and Mike McCoole, and fought a draw with Sayers. 2. Perhaps so—state which numbers you desire to obtain.

MATT PENDY.—1. Heenan and Morrissey fought at Long Point Island, Canada, Oct. 20, 1858. 2. Heenan and Sayers fought at Farnborough, Eng., April 17, 1860. 3. Tom Hyer was born in New York.

A. B. W., Indianapolis, Ind.—To object to a brief recess for rest or for the imperative demands of nature is absurd, and the referee's ruling in granting said recess was quite in order.

BILLIO.—Your opponent cannot claim snap judgment in the way you mention. There must first be a mutual agreement for the amount of stakes played for, amount of forfeit, time and place of playing, etc., before any forfeit can be claimed of the bet of $25.

J. W. K., Atlanta, Ga.—1. Fox's Theatre in Philadelphia was burnt down on June 19th, 1867. 2. It had a wine room when first opened, which was afterwards closed. There are similar places in that city, by the authorities, owing to a shooting scrape.

MILWAUKEE.—It was Miss Helen Marble who appeared as Lurline in the "Naiad Queen" at Maguire's Opera House, San Francisco, on the 2d inst. Her mother is resident at Valayo, or in that part of California, we are given to understand.

CONSTANT READER, Warrensburg.—1. Mr. Bonner's horse, Joe Elliott, is six years old. 2. He has no record of one mile and a half. 3. He is by Major Winfield; the pedigree of his dam we will give you next week.

DICK, St. Louis, Mo.—1. Coburn weighed 159 lbs. in his light fighting rig the day he fought McCoole. 2. The rules require the men to be weighed with their drawers, stockings and shoes on—not entirely stripped.

BEN, Baltimore.—The preparation used by minstrels for "blacking up" consists of common cork, burnt and powdered, of which a paste is made and applied with the hands.

SLASHER AND CRASHER, West Troy, N. Y.—1. The Haymakers' nine had not been definitely arranged at last advices. 2. Send us your list of officers and we will publish them.

S. R., Selma, Ala.—We believe Ben Hanlons were the first to introduce the zampilleracrobation act here; they appeared in it at the Academy of Music.

G. O. R.—1. Miss Davenport is his daughter. 2. G. L. and Robert Fox are not related. 3. Mr. Daly is the present lessee of the Fifth Avenue Theatre.

ROGER, Zanesville.—It is a little out of date for some of the events mentioned; it is pretty good, however, and you might dish it up with fresher material.

D. L., Baltimore.—The rule says that a cut must not be less than four cards from the top, nor must it be made so as to leave less than four cards at the bottom.

W. BECHTEL.—1. Jerry Bryant performed with Dumbolton's party in London in 1845. 2. He went to California in 1864 with E. P. Christy. 3. Jerry died in this city on the 8th of April, 1861.

OZO. R., Mauch Chunk, Pa.—1. They could not agree upon a referee. 2. The height of Trinity steeple is 286 feet, and it is 12 above high water level 286 feet.

A LOVER OF SPORT, Johnstown, Pa.—1. He was in New Orleans when we last heard from him. 2. See our dramatic summary. 3. Heenan fought Morrissey, Sayers and King. 4. It never came off.

BOOKSELLER AND NEWSDEALER, Cheshire, Ct.—In his business relations with us he always treats us honorably and squarely. We first complaint we have had of him. Tell the parties to rewrite him.

W. M. M., Poughkeepsie.—1. P. T. Barnum has given three dramatic performances in one day at his Museum. 2. English is a language. Yes, many more.

WARSY, Cincinnati, O.—"Lap whist" is not a regular or recognized game; therefore, as there are no laws governing it, we are unable to decide.

PARKE, Brooklyn.—1. *G. L. Fox* was the first stage manager of the new Bowery Theatre. 2. Mr. Marden is at present engaged at the old Bowery. 3. Don't know.

16th INF. MD. N. G., Cumberland.—The three shots of C, being all within the target, are better than A's and B's, both of whose third shots missed the board entirely.

TERRIER, Easton.—The genuine Clarborne breed of fowls cannot be bought here. They might possibly be purchased in New Orleans, but we think it is very doubtful.

J. R. S., Philadelphia.—After numerous inquiries among the trade, we find that John Gibson's Sons Co., of Philadelphia, are the largest dealers in fish in the United States.

W. D., Philadelphia, Pa.—"Physical Exercises," a work on training, gymnastics, rowing, etc., by William Wood, will explain what you wish fully. You can address the author in our care.

J. E. ALLSTON.—There are no rules for the game; it is an innovation on the regular game of Euchre, and every player makes his own rules to suit his own interest.

JUSTICE, Ithaca.—A won the bet; the meaning of which was that he, A, visited the minstrels on a complimentary ticket given by William Morris, although it might not have been given to A individually.

JOE S., New Orleans.—Write to Milton Sweet, of the Excelsior Club, of Brooklyn, and he will give you the information. His address is Sweet's Hotel, Fulton Ferry, New York.

CHAS. ELLIOTT.—James Renforth was champion of England when Walter Brown arrived in that country, and he holds that position now.

T. S. R.—1. McCoole defeated Aaron Jones on August 31st, 1867. 2. Jones died on Feb. 16th, 1869.

AN OLD NEW YORK FIREMAN.—We do not remember the date, but will endeavor to find out in time for our next issue.

SHANGHAI PET, Hunterville, Ala.—Twelve for pair-royal, and eight by sixteens—twenty in all.

GALENA.—At cribbage, 9, 4, 6, 5, 6, the latter 6 don't count in a sequence; 5 4 would.

J. H. K.—1. We presume that Pearce does not intend to leave the Atlantics. 2. See dramatic summary.

F. W. A.—1. J. R. Howe is in England. 2. We cannot locate the others at present.

JAMES HALL, Baltimore.—We do not know any teacher of clog dancing in your city.

O. T. R., Philadelphia, Pa.—Not that we remember. Put the question to him yourself.

C. H.—Ex-President Johnson arrived in New York about 12 o'clock, M., and passed the Metropolitan Hotel about 2 o'clock, P. M.

GREENEY, Greenpoint.—B must draw all the pieces, and A is entitled to the entire count of B's hand after doing so.

O. R., New Haven.—It is an even bet. Carey wins $5 clear by the transaction, for he has to give you a ticket which cost $5.

CRANESVILLE, Pa.—You will find full instructions for the game of Pin Pool in Phelan's Book of Billiards.

C. F., Louis, Mo.—A billion is figured with a one and nine noughts.

C. P., Washington, D. C.—Thank you, but we had a report in hand already.

J. S., Jamestown, N. Y.—The best single *standing* jump, on the level, is 12ft. 9½in., made by Bob Way.

CHICOT, Springfield, Ill.—Thank you; news items are always acceptable.

R. F. B., Boston.—Thank you; see elsewhere. Shall be pleased to receive the news.

CAPT. COOPER, Norwich, Conn.—B is B's turn to set on the second hand.

DOSECURA.—1. We cannot give you any idea of its rapidity. It is seldom, if ever, the same in any two races. 2. Yes, a trifle more.

F. E., Malone, N. Y.—You will see his movements chronicled in our columns.

HARRY, College, Ill.—Yours of the 5th was received on the morning of the 8th. Write on Wednesdays.

ROSE, Baltimore.—Adelina Patti sailed for England in the early part of 1868.

J. S., Terre Haute, Ind.—We may use it as a biography at some future time.

R. S., Philadelphia.—You can only bring it before the profession at large by entertaining it.

C. W. C., Albany.—Low, Jack, goes out before high, game, where the players save each two to go.

A. E. D., Palmyra, N. Y.—When so many men of experience are idle, you will meet with great difficulty in obtaining a position.

H. F. L., St. Louis.—It would have answered when the velocipede fever raged, but not now.

LONGS PEAK, Nebraska.—You will see the various agencies advertised in the CLIPPER.

J. J. L., Albany.—We have never issued any of them in book form.

C. E. B. T., Boston.—Jeff. Davis was a resident of Clinton, Miss., when he represented that state in the U. S. Senate.

J. R. R., Richmond.—1. We will perhaps in when space permits. 2. By an oversight.

W. B. M.—It is impossible to decide without knowing whether you were playing the draw or the block game.

SEVEN UP, Salem, O.—There is no game out under the circumstances.

F. S. W., Philadelphia.—Lotta's engagement in Baltimore commences on the 18th of April and terminates on the 30th.

IMPORTANCE.—We don't know of any lady in the profession of that name.

OLD SUBSCRIBER, New York.—A full hand beats a straight, at POKER.

A. C. B., Johnstown, Pa.—A person born of Jewish parents in England would be called an "English Jew."

A. D., Detroit, Mich.—A deposit should have accompanied your challenge.

N. G., Pittsburgh.—We have not yet learned who have been secured for next season.

STAKEHOLDER, East St. Louis.—A loses the bet, for H received one hundred votes, which includes twenty-five.

KIRKBUR, Cairo, Ill.—Seymour's official majority in New York state, at the last Presidential election, was 9,564.

P. C., Peoria.—1. Yours of 31st ult., and post marked April 2d, came to hand in the 1st of service. 2. We do not issue them.

A. Z., Glenwood, Ia.—Appleton & Co., this city, may be able to furnish you with such a work.

TYRON, Brooklyn.—There are books on the subject, but without a practical knowledge they would be of little service to you.

F. T., Louisville.—Ira Aldridge, the colored tragedian, died in Poland August 7, 1868.

H. H., St. Louis.—You win the drinks if your opponent refuses to throw.

NICK O'DEMUS, St. Louis.—He must show the pair he has on, and has no right to produce another pair.

J. B.—1. We do not know how much, if any, he had in the match. He was in Cleveland at last advices. 2. That is out of our line.

G. W. S., Wellesville, N. Y.—1. He is connected with no theatre here at present. 2. It was so stated, but it never came to anything.

JAMESTOWN.—The term city, in a general sense, can be applied to any large town.

C. H. T., Haverhill, Mass.—1. Allen was born at Birmingham, Eng. 2. Fifteen cents per line. 3. You had better learn a trade.

DANYERS BOY, Cincinnati, Ohio.—1. He is not. 2. Our report was correct.

TITUSVILLIAN.—They are married to gentlemen belonging to the company.

S. A. M., Riverton, Conn.—It does not read smooth enough for publication.

GLANCE, Philadelphia, Pa.—The fastest 100 yards' time on record is 9¼ seconds, by George Seward.

ALLEGHENY.—Breslin and Mace fought each other twice, Breslin winning the first battle and Mace obtaining the victory in the second.

LOVER OF THE THEATRE.—If you can commit to memory 200 lines in the time stated you will do very well.

J. E. P., Cincinnati, O.—Dan'l. E. Bandmann played at the Lyceum Theatre, London, Eng., but not at the Haymarket.

ISLAM.—We shall be pleased to hear from you.

HUGO, Georgetown, D. C.—Lotta is not married.

"CHEQUERS," Philadelphia.—We have not those numbers.

BIG JIM.—Declined.

C. C. S., Cincinnati.—You are very excusable.

"J. H. B."—Thank you.

W. J. H., Erie, Pa.—The troupe is disbanded.

LONDON.—Your better plan would be to advertise them.

SHELL BOAT.—Charles B. Elliott, Greenpoint, L. I.

RABBI.—Deery is an American.

"TO TIMES."—Keep us posted if you please.

J. B. S., Wayland, Mich.—It's low goes out before C's high, game.

"HORN."—We shall be glad to avail ourselves of your offer.

EDGAR, Ravenswood.—Declined.

EDWARD F. D., Baltimore, Md.—Callie Curtis.

DAN'L C., Haverhill, Mass.—Yes; he fought sixteen battles.

R. J., Providence, R. I.—See answer to "W. D."

G. O. D., Greenpoint.—Will do so next week.

O. F. B., Boston.—It has not been published yet.

J. A. LEONARD.—Will appear in our next.

M. A. S., Boston.—We do not keep books for sale.

WHAT'S IT MEAN?—The *Indian Mail*, in noticing the death of a too convivial Englishman, says:—

"A friend called to see him on the following morning and found him suffering very much. Mr. H. afterwards went out for a walk and threw himself down in the jungle. The Inamsaab at the dak bungalow promptly got a jampan and sent him to Kalka. On the way he expired."

It's all plain enough if you understand it. But do you? If not we're sorry for you, but haven't time to elucidate the matter just now.

A CURIOUS CASE was decided in the Court of Common Pleas, Philadelphia, on the 7th inst. C. F. F. Kayser sued H. M. David and Samuel Williams for wages as editor of the *Philadelphia Bladder*. The defence was that he did not discharge his duty. The jury, however, thought that he had sufficiently inflated the *Bladder*, and they accordingly awarded him seventy-nine dollars.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—One of our exchanges has been having an "argument" with a contemporary, but disclaims personality, and after giving an extract, says it forbears to say that the quotation "reveals the manners of a blackguard, the veracity of a champion liar, and the morals of a thief."

SPICY.—A city paper says:—"Miss Maude Ernest is to deliver a spicy lecture," etc. Is the lady in earnest in this spicy line? Most ladies wait until they are married before going heartily into the lecturing business, for then they have some one to practice on.

A VILLAINOUS COMPOUND of brute and humanity tried to *unscrew* "Our Jim's" treasure box at his boarding house a few days ago, but failed in the attempt. Jim calls him an *unscru*-pulous rogue.

AN EVENING PAPER wants to know "how long it will be before an American built ocean steamer will be sent off the ways." Before it goes on its way, of course. (Copyright secured.)

Squibs and Things.

— Bennett's yacht Henrietta, after being in the market for sale for a long time, was disposed of last week for $34,000. It is said she is to trade between San Francisco and the Sandwich Islands.

— A negro named Abram Horsefly tried to reconstruct a white girl five years old, in the wood near Richmond, Va., a few days since. The rope held, and he swung like a pendulum. No cards.

— St. Louis policemen, going on beat at night, are served with strychnined beef sandwiches for poisoning dogs. A newly-appointed policeman mistook his for a lunch the other night. There is a vacancy in the police force.

— When a Mormon is sent abroad on recruiting service, Brigham appoints a man to act as brevet husband until his return. If the wives are good looking Brig. appoints himself.

— Mrs. Beecher Stowe, having retired from the field exhausted, Capt. Mayne Reid, another writer of fiction, proposes to tackle Lord Byron, and show him up in his own style to an interested public.

— A Toledo minister has within ten months married a couple, baptized their child, preached the husband's funeral sermon and married the widow. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do that do with all thy might."

— Paul de Cassagnac, the editor of the Paris *Pays*, and the most celebrated duellist of the day, is pale, has dark, piercing eyes, set unusually close together, and wears a black moustache.

— A man named Hawk was arrested the other day in Harrisburg, Pa., for stealing chickens. Our Jim says it serves him right, he had no business to go "hawking" other people's property about.

— 3,350 prosecutions occurred in Massachusetts the last quarter, 2,651 for liquor selling. Fines amounted to $45,000, and expenses $42,000. Does $3,000 profit pay?

— The Governor of Pennsylvania vetoed twelve bills week before last, including one for "John and Anna Mary Corrigan to adopt the children of Peter and Mary Ferrell."

— A Missouri gentleman carries about with him a memento of a lost brother in the shape of a cane cut from the tree on which that relative was hanged for horse stealing.

— A Southern negro insists that his race was mentioned in the Bible. He said he heard the preacher read how "Nigger Demus wanted to be born again."

— The little girl who was sent to hunt for hens' eggs thought, as she did not find any, it was strange, for she saw "lots of hens standing about doing nothing."

— A Wisconsin farmer sues for a divorce on the ground that his wife can't chop the amount of wood that she boasted about previous to marriage.

— A great Roman Amphitheatre has been discovered in the excavations at Mount St. Genevieve, Paris. Antiquarians are in ecstacies.

— Jefferson's 126th birthday is to be celebrated on the 18th inst., by the Jefferson Guard (26th Regt.) of this city, who are to be reviewed by Mayor Hall.

— The first potato of the year, a peachblow, grown in Lexington Co., N. Y., is on exhibition in Washington street, N. Y.

— Emperor Nap. is reported to have had a fit on the 7th inst., but was better next day, and visited a public exhibition of horses.

— A segar thirty-eight inches long, fourteen inches in circumference and weighing six pounds, is coming from Sacramento, Cal., as a present to President Grant.

— A hotel at Springfield, Ill., lately had as guests at one time, fifty traveling agents representing as many western mercantile houses.

— Some of the strong-minded women denounce matrimony because they say "there is something childish in it." It does have a somewhat infantile squint, we admit.

— The first steam engine ever put up in Lexington, Va., was recently erected, and created considerable interest. The world moves.

— The Empress of France has actually appeared twice in public in the same dress, which is construed as the beginning of court economy in Paris.

— A Piqua, Ohio, chap drinks over twenty cups of coffee at a meal. We are not informed of the size of the cups, nor how much they charge him for board.

— The British House of Lords has four hundred and seventy-four members—of whom only thirty-one are Benedicts.

— The County Court Stenographer of the City of Churches has had his salary raised to $2,000—$500 less than it "used to was."

— 11,000 cords of wood have been cut and got out of the woods by one man in Iowa this winter. Wonder if he's "through the woods" yet.

— Chief Police Bowen, of New Haven, has been acquitted of the charge of visiting a house of ill-fame with a female friend.

— The Prince of Hohenlohe has worn a golden bracelet on his left leg for twenty years, in fulfilment of a promise to some young ladies.

— Many of Chicago's citizens indulge in opium, and an exchange says the papers are continually laudin 'em therefor.

— At Swansea, Wales, on the 6th of April, the billiard champion, Mr. W. Cook, made an extraordinary run of 531 points.

— There are 79 lights and beacons on the American shores of the lakes Superior, Michigan, Huron and St. Clair.

— A ten year old youth was frightened to death at Westboro', Mass., on the 3rd inst., by another boy wearing a mask.

— An Iowa clergyman has been dismissed from his church because his wife used his name to advance her sewing machine sales.

— The Mayor of Oshkosh, Wis., it is said, lately vetoed an ordinance appropriating $200 to himself. Wonder if its true?

— They are having a dry spell in Kansas City—the wells have all given out and water "not of the first water" sells for 40 cents a barrel.

— A new institution has lately sprung up in Washington—a colored lobby ring.

— Among the operatives in a Biddeford, Me., factory is a $10,000 heiress who works for $6 a week.

— A man was instantly killed on the 7th of April in this city by the bursting of a grindstone.

— Iowa employs her female convicts in breaking stone—just the same as "any other man."

— "Mice pie" was one of the dishes named not long ago on the bill of fare at one of our fashionable hotels.

— A miner in Arizona lately fell down a shaft 125 feet deep and was not much injured.

— Mr. Meehan, who was shot by Dr. Keenan, of this city, not long since, is said to be out of danger.

— Ten dollars was the wager which induced a Connecticut woman to eat a bushel of oysters.

— Women prisoners in Iowa have all the rights of men. They are set to breaking stones.

— The Fat Men's Association have several honorary members in "Greece."

— An exchange paper says:—"Truth" is in type, but is crowded out by "more important matter."

— Gassaway Sprightly is the light and lively name of one of Kansas' legislators.

— A bell was recently stolen from the steeple of a church at Pitts Point, Ky.

— Two thousand tons of beeswax, valued at over $2,000,000, are annually consumed in England.

— There were eighty-nine fires in this city during the past month.

— 300,000 tons of ice were taken from the Kennebec this season.

— Ohio has a septuagenarian who has kept a diary for the past fifty years in verse.

— A man in an adjoining state lately sold the clothing of his deceased wife at auction a few days after her funeral.

— Millions of passenger pigeons have swarmed in the woods around Pittsburgh for some days past.

— A few days ago a Nevada judge fined himself five dollars for being late.

— San Francisco lately had an acquisition in the shape of five Chinese printers.

— The government printing office at Washington employs four colored girls.

— An Iowa minister says his parishioners are all under conviction. He's chaplain at the state prison.

— The Kentucky girls are so fascinating that the whole blue grass region has but one bachelor.

— There are thirteen distilleries in Chicago, in which seven thousand bushels of grain are consumed daily.

— The old Secaucus track, at or near Hoboken, is being cut up into building lots.

— France has 45,000 schoolmasters, and Napoleon calls them his "pacific army."

— In 1854, 319,233 emigrants arrived at this port, which is the largest number in any one year.

— There are two hundred and forty French survivors of Waterloo.

— Russia has ordered three hundred and fifty railroad locomotives from Great Britain.

— A bar-keeper in a western city was lately fined $25 for selling liquor to a sixteen year old lass.

— New Hampshire uses ten thousand Bibles a year.

— New Rochelle was lit up with gas on the 8th of April, for the first time.

— The Chinese alphabet contains eight hundred letters and combinations of vowels.

— An opium eater, who rises at dawn, named Capt. Lahrbush, a New York resident, is in his 104th year.

— A woman in Canton, Ill., received a bran new nose, last week, formed of flesh from her forehead.

— When a horse falls he is more frightened than his rider.

— Four young Rutland, Vt., girls cowhided a youthful swell the other night for "talking about them."

— The lost steamer City of Boston is supposed to have run into an iceberg.

— Many horses are made vicious from cruel treatment.

— The population of Paris is set down at 1,900,000,

— 1,300 papers were published in Great Britain in 1846.

— Cincinnati gains 1,000 votes by the 15th amendment.

BOOTH'S THEATRE.

This dramatic temple, of which we give an excellent engraving on our first page, is located on the S.E. corner of Twenty-third street and Sixth avenue, this city, its front and grand entrance being on Twenty-third street, and is, without a doubt, an ornament to the city, and its style of architecture superior to that of any other theatre in New York, it being in the Renaissance style, with Mansard roof. It is 70 feet high, from ground to cornice, and 140 feet 4 inches is the frontage on Twenty-third street. There are two vestibules, 18 feet wide, on the first and second floors, extending across the width of the theatre, 78 feet 8 inches. There are three galleries, from which can be had an unobstructed view of the stage, convenient to which, fitted up with all conveniences for stage business, are dressing-rooms on the south side, work-room for seamstresses, fire-proof wardrobe, scene painter's room, and a mechanics' workshop, which extends over the entire stage and auditorium. The stage appointments are of the most convenient kind, all modern improvements having been availed of, including instantaneous light by electricity, and steam appliances for moving bulky scenery, as well as to force abundance of water in case of fire. The cost of the edifice and appointments has been estimated as not less than half a million dollars. Its seating capacity is: orchestra, 348; orchestra circle, 328; balcony, 441, and dress circle, 317. It was formally opened on Feb. 3d, 1869, with "Romeo and Juliet," and an address was distributed on the play-bills, written by Edmund Yconer, formerly manager of Drury Lane, London, Eng. As, however, we gave a description of the event at the time, it is not now necessary to indulge in repetition. The structure, with its external and internal appearance, its stage appointments, the talent that has already appeared there, and the high class of its entertainments is a lasting monument to the credit of Mr. Edwin Booth, and an ornament to the City of New York.

PROPOSED JUMPING MATCH.—On the 8th inst. we received articles of agreement for a jumping match between A. V. Hill, of Hinsdale, N. Y., and Ned Searles, of Sing Sing, signed by the former and accompanied by $50 as forfeit. The terms of the proposed match are as follows:—to jump one single jump, spirit level, each party to have twelve trials, and the one having the best jump at the expiration of the twelve trials to take the money, $250 a side; the match to be decided at Binghampton on the 11th of June. On the 7th inst., Searles, having been informed that articles had been sent on, called upon us and read them over. They suited him well enough, save that a clause barring spring shoes had been omitted, and until a stipulation to that effect is inserted he declines to sign the protocol, although he has covered Hill's money to show that he means business. We wrote to Hill's backer the same day, notifying him of the state of affairs, but up to the hour of going to press no answer had been received.

THAT TYPE-SETTING CHALLENGE.—George Arensberg waited upon us on the 11th inst., in relation to the challenge from Coon in our last, which he considers ridiculous as far as allowance being made for difference in rapidity is concerned, and in respect to the proposal to set type until one or the other "gives up the ghost," he cannot entertain it at all, as he does not profess to possess great endurance, and isn't anxious "to shuffle off this mortal coil." The only match he will make is one in which the stakes go to the man setting the greater number of ems in a reasonable length of time, and such a match he is ready to put up for against anybody.

AQUATICS.

THE UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE.

CAMBRIDGE WINS AFTER A MOST EXCITING RACE.

TIME, 29 MINUTES AND 30 SECONDS.

The great boat race between eight-oared crews, representing Oxford and Cambridge Universities, which annually sets all England agog with excitement, was decided on the Thames Champion Course, distance four miles and three furlongs, on Wednesday, April 6th, terminating in the success of the "light blues"—their first victory since 1860. Since the international collegiate contest of last year the people of the United States take a deeper interest in these inter-University races than formerly, and the news of the present encounter was eagerly perused, while the general feeling seemed to be one of rejoicing that Cambridge had secured the laurel wreath so long worn by Oxford. We herewith present the different telegrams concerning the event:—

LONDON, April 6th, 5½ P. M.—The inter-University boat race between the Oxford and Cambridge eight-oared crews took place this afternoon, at 6 o'clock, on the Thames, the course being from Putney to Mortlake, about four and a quarter miles. The weather was delightful. A slight westerly breeze prevailed. Multitudes thronged the banks of the river; every available point and building was swarming with people. The bridges were also crowded to their utmost capacity, and every kind of craft that could be obtained, including steamboats and barges, were moored along each bank of the river, which was kept clear by the admirable arrangements of Mr. Lord, of the Thames Conservancy, and a numerous body of police. All tackle on the Thames was absolutely prohibited for the time, as was the case during the Oxford and Harvard contest last summer. The names of the crews, together with their weights and the colleges to which each man belongs, are as follows:—

OXFORD UNIVERSITY.

Names.	*College.*	*Pounds.*
R. Mirehouse (bow)	University	154
A. G. P. Lewis	University	160
T. S. Baker	Queen's	180
T. Edwardes-Moss	Balliol	181
F. Payne	John's	166
W. Woodhouse	University	159
W. D. Benson	Balliol	166
S. D. Darbishire (stroke)	Balliol	162
A. S. Hall (coxswain)	Corpus	105

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY.

Names.	*College.*	*Pounds.*
E. S. L. Randolph (bow)	Trinity	153
J. W. Daie	Lady Margaret	173½
W. A. Spencer	University	170
W. H. Lowe	Christ's	176
E. Phelps	Sidney	172
J. F. Strachan	Trinity Hall	167½
A. Kirby	Jesus	163¾
J. H. Goldie (stroke)	Lady Margaret	170
H. Gordon (coxswain)	Trinity	111½

The result of the race was in favor of the Cambridge crew, it won by one length, after a sharp contest, in nineteen minutes thirty seconds, thus beating the Oxfords, who were the favorites at odds of eleven to eight, which had been freely taken by the friends of the light blue. This is the third time since 1857 that Cambridge has won. The odds among the sporting men during the morning were eleven to eight on the Oxfords, which were eagerly taken. Mr. John Phelps was judge of the race.

LONDON, April 6, 1870, 6 o'clock P. M.

Owing to the late hour fixed for the race, it was considerably past noon before the road leading to the scene of action presented any unusual appearance. As the day wore on the stream of vehicles of all sorts, and mostly fashionable, poured continuously down by the Fulham and Hammersmith roads were literally choked. The bridges were crowded. On the Barnes Railway bridge there was a big crowd, which was rather more select than that on the banks, owing to the high admission charged for standing room. The arrangements made by the Thames Conservancy to preserve a clear course were admirable. Two steamers accompanied the conestants, viz., Citizen T. for the umpires and University oarsman, and Citizen U. for the representatives of the press. The University boat clubs were not allowed to accompany the race in a steamer. They waived their claims when it was represented that if one other steamer was allowed to start there would be great difficulty in keeping the course clear. The start was made from Putney at 5:45, the crews being down to the boat yards from their headquarters soon after 3 o'clock. At the Duke's Head were two lighters and a small boat, made fast to each other, for the crews to start from. Cambridge won the toss for positions, and took the Middlesex side, this no doubt an advantage, because the boats from which the start was to be made were moored too close in to the Middlesex bank of the river—far too close—so that they had much less than their opponents to row. At 5 P. M. the starter gave the word to go, and the University Boat Race of 1870 commenced. The oars of the two crews caught the water as nearly as possible at the same instant. There was the most energy in the Oxford eight. As soon, however, as both crews were fairly clear of the bank, Cambridge pulled a slightly quicker stroke than the Oxfords, and at once showed in front, leading by a quarter of a length at the London Rowing Club Boat House. The Oxfords in their turn pulled well, and at the Leander Club Rooms the latter were about twice. At Chiswick Cambridge crew steadily, though slowly, gained ground, and the enthusiasm and excitement on the banks of the river were intense. At the Crab Tree Cambridge led by half a length. At the Soap Works wharf the Cambridge crew were rowing splendidly, and had increased their distance under Hammersmith bridge nearly one length before their adversaries. Round the bend of the river, opposite the Doves, Cambridge continued to hold her lead. On passing the oil mills the Oxfords somewhat gained, and the struggle now commenced in earnest, and the stroke oarsman of the two contending boats pulled vigorously. Barbshire made a brilliant effort to retrieve the fortunes of the day, in which he was pretty well backed up by his crew, and reduced the lead of the Cambridge. Cambridge, though, had the lead by about a length as they passed the Crab Tree, and increased their lead, and passed Barnes Bridge, putting 38 strokes to the minute, which they kept up to the finish, and passed under, and crossed by the flag boat one length ahead in 19 minutes and 30 seconds. This is the first time the light blue has been victorious since 1860, when, curiously enough, they won by the same distance. The winners rowed a very fine, powerful, and effective stroke, and their form, which was universally acknowledged to be one of the finest models of a racing boat ever built.

LONDON, April 6.—Notwithstanding the great pressure brought to bear upon the Conservancy authorities in order to allow private steamers to follow the boats, none but the two official steamers were permitted to do so. As on Derby Day, London poured out its hundreds of thousands of people to witness the contest, and the numbers were increased by the excursion parties from the country brought by railway from all directions. Among the spectators were the Prince of Wales, Prince Teck, the son of the P

win's retirement on three strikes, being noteworthy. On the latter point the batsmen did not take kindly to the method of batting the slow tosses, and by good hits they punished the pitching to the tune of eight runs, Chauncey, Yorke and Hall putting the side out by good catches. The game was now one-sided, and but little interest was taken in its further progress. In the last three innings the Field side added five runs to their score, Rogers marking his fielding by a splendid catch of a high foul fly ball at left field, which gave him a prize. On the other side the Stars added seven runs to their score, Cummings sending one of Chapman's slows to right field for a clean home run. In these innings Ferguson put out five men on foul-bound balls, well taken. He also made a beautiful catch after a long run. The close of the ninth innings saw the totals at 27 to 6 in favor of the Stars, and under the circumstances of the strong array of professional talent opposed to them, they may well feel proud of their success. The Stars are now ready to receive challenges from all regularly organized association clubs, and would be happy to meet the Hoboken clubs at an early date. In June next the Stars will take a tour to Washington for a week's play, and will enter the field against the Experts or Intrepids of Philadelphia, the Pastimes of Baltimore, and the Nationals and Olympics of Washington. Below we give the full score of the game. The record of the batting includes outs, runs, first base and total bases on hits, bases by errors, and left on bases after clean hits. The record of the fielding shows the number of opponents put out by each player on the bases, by fly-catches—fair and foul—by foul-bound catches, the total each put out, the times each assisted and the total fielding errors of each. This is the regulation record for scores of match games adopted by the association:—

FIELD.

	Batting.							Fielding.				
	O.	R.	1B.	2B.	3B.	H.	L.	P.	Fl.	Ft.	A.	E.
Ferguson, c	4	1	1	1	0	0	3	1	3	5	1	4
Chapman, p	3	1	1	1	0	0	1	2	0	0	3	0
Pike, 2d b	3	1	1	1	0	0	1	3	0	0	3	0
D. Chauncey, s. s	3	1	1	1	0	0	1	0	1	0	3	1
Calvin, 3d b	3	1	1	1	0	0	0	1	0	1	1	3
C. Hunt, 1st b	3	0	1	1	1	0	0	3	1	0	4	0
Yorke, l. f	3	0	1	1	1	0	0	3	0	0	3	0
Rogers, r. f	3	0	1	1	1	0	0	3	1	0	0	0
Geo. Hall, c. f	3	1	2	2	1	1	0	0	5	0	1	0
Totals	27	6	9	9	3	1	6	8	13	6	27	6	10

STAR.

	Batting.							Fielding.				
	O.	R.	1B.	2B.	3B.	H.	L.	P.	Fl.	Ft.	A.	E.
Rogers, l. f	3	4	3	3	0	0	0	0	3	0	0	0
Jewell, c	3	4	3	3	0	0	0	1	2	0	0	0
Cummings, p	3	4	4	3	1	0	0	0	1	0	1	2	0
M. Rogers, 3d b	3	3	3	3	1	0	0	0	0	3	0	3	2
Bevins, 2d b	4	3	3	4	0	0	1	0	3	1	5	3	2
Dollard, 1 b	4	3	2	3	1	0	0	0	2	0	8	0	1
Packer, 1st b	3	3	2	3	1	0	0	0	2	0	8	0	1
Clyne, c. f	4	3	4	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Johnson, r. f	3	2	3	1	1	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	1
Totals	27	27	27	34	13	4		5	13	3	27	9	10

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Field	3	0	0	1	0	0	1	1	0—6
Star	4	3	0	6	0	0	3	7	4—27

Umpire—Mr. Jones, of the Alpha Club. Scorer—Mr. Sterling. Catches on strikes—Jewell, 3. Outs on fouls—Field, 5; Star, 5. Run out—Hall by Bevins. Time of Game—One hour and thirty minutes.

BALL TOSSING IN THE MODERN ATHENS.

The season opened in Boston on Fast Day, April 7th, in a very lively manner, several of the prominent clubs participating in their initial game of the year. The Tri-Mountain clubs engaged a picked nine upon Boston Common, their opponents being members of the Stoneham, Upton, Revere and Sheridan Clubs, the three latter being junior organizations. The ball ground was in very poor condition, the out-field particularly so, and small hillocks of clay or gravel interfered greatly with fielding. The picked nine proved a very strong team in this, their first game together, and both nines exhibited strong batting. Only seven innings were played, and the game resulted in favor of the Tri-Mountains by a score of 35 to 22. Subjoined is a score of the game:—

Tri-Mountain.	H'L.	R.	Picked Nine.	H'L.	R.
Sullivan, c	1	6	G. Wise, 2d b	0	5
Kelley, c. f	2	6	Snell, r. f	5	0
Jones, r. f	3	5	Chandler, s. s	0	4
Barrows, 3d b	3	3	Colgan, c	4	2
Fresah, 1 f	3	3	Stevens, 1 f	3	2
W. Pratt, p	3	2	F. Wise, 1st b	3	2
Freeman, s. s	4	1	Wood, p	0	3
Bellan, 1st b	3	1	Habuslah, 3d b	2	2
L. Pratt, 3d b	3	5	Milliken, p	1	5
Total	35		Total		29

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th
Tri-Mountain	3	8	4	1	9	6	4—35
Picked Nine	3	0	5	2	0	9	3—22

The picked nine have since organized as a senior club, under the name of the Revere Club, and its prospects are favorable. In the above game the Tri-Mountains played without their pitcher, O'Brien, and 1st baseman, Record; the Pratt brothers being substituted for the absentees.

BASE BALL IN NEW ORLEANS.

On April 4th some 1,500 people assembled at the new park of the Louisiana State Base Ball Park Association, at Burkwhille, to witness the opening contest between the Southerns and R. E. Lees. Both presented strong nines, although the Southerns were two short of their regular first nine players. The fielding of Messrs. Levi, Landon and Lauer was good, as was Mr. Bertel's play behind the bat. In the Southern nine, Messrs. Brandenberg, Buddendorf and Holtzman carried off the honors of the day. Between the fourth and fifth innings both clubs found it necessary to change their catchers. We subjoin the result of the game:—

Southern.	H'L.	R.	R. E. Lee.	H'L.	R.
Holtzman, 2d b	4	3	Bertel, s. s	3	2
Chandler, c. f	3	4	Donovan, p	3	1
Buddendorf, 3d b	3	2	"Stut," 2d b	3	0
Donovan, 1 f	0	4	Freiler, 3d b	3	2
Fay c	3	1	Bond, c	2	0
Winn, p	4	1	Pettus, 1st b	2	0
Brandenberg, 1st b	4	1	Lauer, r. f	2	0
Labbe, r. f	4	1	Laudon, c. f	2	3
O'Keefe, s. s	3	2	Levy, 1 f	3	2
Total	33		Total		19

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Southern	6	4	1	0	2	3	0	0	7—23
R. E. Lee	2	0	0	0	5	2	0	2	0—19

Umpire—Mr. J. N. Howard, Lone Star Club. Time of game—Two hours twelve minutes.

On the 3d inst., at the same grounds, a match took place between the Southern, Jr., and Comet, Jr., clubs, which the former won by 48 to 12.

THE ACADEMIES IN THE FIELD.

The members of the initiatory and practical department of Bryant, Stratton & Clarke's Brooklyn Business College, played a game of base ball on the Star's grounds, April 7th, the former winning by a score of 28 to 16. We append the score:—

Initiatory.	H'L.	R.	Practical.	H'L.	R.
Donnellon, 1st b	2	5	O'Keefe, s. s	4	1
Weber, c	3	4	Barrick, c	3	0
Thomas, c. f	4	1	Jones, c. f	4	0
Caffrey, 2d b	3	2	Dubois, 2d b	1	4
Allen, p	3	3	Cahn, r. f	3	2
Livingston, s. s	4	3	Rodgers, p	3	3
Johnson, r. f	4	1	Demott, 1 f	4	2
Walsh, 3d b	2	4	McGuire, p	4	1
Vining, 1 f	3	5	Little, 1st b	1	3
Total	28		Total		16

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Initiatory	4	3	4	0	4	5	1	0	7—28
Practical	3	0	3	0	0	0	0	2	8—16

Scorer—Mr. C. Wing, of the Practical Department. Umpire—Mr. J. M. Chapman, of the Initiatory Department.

EUTAW CLUB.—This Passaic club held their first annual masquerade ball on the evening of Thursday, 7th inst., which proved a very enjoyable and *recherche* affair. The costumes were numerous and varied, and, as a general thing, the wearers well sustained the characters represented, especially Mr. Robinson, who was attired as a Highland chieftain, and entertained the company with several Scottish dances, including his famous broadsword dance, which has so often gained him laurels at the yearly festivals of the stalwart Caledonians. A very pleasing feature of the occasion was the presentation to the club of an elegant silver ball, the gift of Mr. Jacob Fortenbach, an honorary member, which was received by the Vice President with an appropriate speech. The ball is of regulation size, and is an exact model, in frosted silver, of those manufactured by Peck & Snyder. It bears the following inscription:—"Presented to the Eutaw Base Ball Club as a mark of friendship, by Jacob P. Fortenbach, April 7, 1870." The workmanship is exceedingly fine and is a credit to the artistic skill of the engraver, Mr. Joseph A. Lewis, of the American Watch Company. The club may well be proud of such a gift. The organization is now in a prosperous condition and is officered as follows:—President, L. L. Grear; Vice-President, G. H. Cormack; Secretary, Chas. Mathe; Treasurer, John H. Buggelen.

BALL MATTERS IN VIRGINIA.—At a meeting of the Old Point Club, held April 5th, the following officers were elected to serve for the ensuing six months, viz.:—Col. C. W. Tagoulas, President; W. E. Prescott, Vice-President; Robt. W. Hughes, Secretary; W. J. Bodell, Corresponding Secretary; J. A. Watkins, Treasurer. Board of Directors, John Baulch, chairman; Sam Bacon, Geo. H. Elliott and W. F. Winne. John Z. Heriner, scorer. John J. Baulch, Captain 1st nine. The O. P's have been considerably strengthened this year by the addition of several prominent ballists, among them, W. S. Beebe, a noted English cricketer. Beebe, besides being a lightning pitcher, is said to be a strong batsman, and a remarkably swift and accurate thrower. Baulch, the captain, ranks as a professional. The Actives have not been idle in organizing, and will present a much stronger playing nine this season than last. They have secured the services of Drinkwater, formerly of the "Merry nine." Albert C. Van Deusen, President, and Drinkwater as Captain 1st nine. The Actives claim to be the strongest batting club in the state, and their record of last year's games shows such to be the case.

A NOVEL BASE BALL GAME.—It has been proposed to introduce a little fun into the practice games of the Chicago Club, and, with this view a novel game is being talked of, which, if it takes place, is liable to result in the defeat of the professional club by a bevy of the poorest players to be picked up anywhere. The plan is to match a nine, composed of people who have never played ball, against the professionals, with the conditions that the latter shall throw and catch wit the left hand, with the exception of Pinkham, who, being left-handed, must pitch with his right hand; they must strike with the small end of the bat, while the muffins are to be allowed a "barn-door bat" if they please, and are to throw, catch, run, etc., in defiance of all settled rules. With these slight advantages it is confidently hoped that the professionals will be sorely beaten. The muffin nine has not yet been selected.

THE JUNIOR NATIONAL ASSOCIATION.—We have received the following communication from the President of the Junior National Association, W. H. Kelly, Jr.:—

NEW YORK, April —, 1870.

Pursuant to motion adopted at the late meeting held in New York, at Tammany Hall, it is hereby ordered that the delegates to the semi-annual convention of the National Association of Junior Base Ball Players, meet at the "Empire Rooms," Newark avenue, Jersey City, N. J., on Wednesday, April 27th, at 7½ P. M.

WILLIAM H. KELLY, Jr., President.

All junior clubs of good standing throughout the United States are eligible to representation, and are invited to co-operate in elevating "the national game" by joining this association of pure lovers of base ball and non-professional players. Distant clubs, who cannot send two delegates, may be admitted upon written application and remittance of one year's dues and initiation fee, amounting to three dollars. Communications cheerfully answered by the corresponding secretary, William T. Walsh, 342 Grand street, Jersey City.

SENECA B. B. C. JRS.—The Senecas have elected the following officers for the ensuing year:—President, Marshall Freeborn; Vice President, Benjamin Lyons; Secretary, John Scott; Directors, J. Cudlipp, W. Myers and A. A. Bonner. In regard to A. A. Bonner belonging to the Nationals (as stated in last week's CLIPPER by them), the Senecas say that he played with them all last season, is a member of their club, and has opened play with them (the Senecas) this season.

THE JUNIOR CLUB SEASON.—The Juniors of this city appear to be getting ready for the field. The Union Star Base Ball Association have placed the following nine in the field to do battle for the junior championship this season:—Stevenson, catcher; Byrnes, 1st base; Connolly, 2d base; Patterson, 3d base; McGee, pitcher; Lannigan, short stop; Stein, left field; McKenny, centre field; McDowell, right field. Mr. Henry J. Byrnes is the Corresponding Secretary of the Stars.

ELECTION.—The Seneca Club, of this city, recently elected the following officers:—President, M. Freeborn; Vice-President, R. Synes; Treasurer, W. Hamilton; Recording Secretary, A. De Rudder; Corresponding Secretary, J. Scott. They will play on the grounds of the Harlem Club on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

LONE STARS VS. FEARLESS.—These clubs played a game, the same day, on the Delacroix grounds, New Orleans, Messrs. Scott, Condon and Schwartz carrying off the honors. The following gives the runs in each innings:—

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Lone Star	4	0	2	2	3	11	2	2	2—28
Fearless	0	1	1	1	0	1	0	0	0—4

Time of game—three hours.

THE HOBOKEN CHAMPIONSHIP.—We have received the following letter in regard to the above championship title:—

EDITOR N. Y. CLIPPER.—DEAR SIR.—I beg leave to inform you that the Eagle B. B. C. has no claim whatever to the Whip Pennant of the Elysian Fields; during the season of 1869 the Gothams and Eagles played but two games, the Eagles winning the first and losing the second, and three being necessary to complete a series, we have a right to claim the Whip Pennant until the 3rd game is played.

CHARLES A. METZ, Gotham Club.

BASE BALL IN INDIANA.—The annual meeting of the Franklin Base Ball Club of Franklin, Ind., was held March 30th, when the following officers for the ensuing year were elected:—President, Genio Lamberson; Vice-President, C. Edwards; Secretary, Samuel McClellan; Treasurer, Collis Miller; Directors—J. Barnett, Geo. McCaslin, Harry Henriken. This club is ready to commence the season as soon as ball playing begins. The nine will be about the same as last year.

THE UNION CLUB OF MORRISANIA.—This club will open play on Wednesday, 13th inst., on their grounds at Morrisania, on which occasion an experimental contest will be played in order to test the merits of the several applicants for positions on the new nine of the Club. All players desirous of entering the lists will please report to Mr. Ford, on the grounds at Tremont, by 2 P. M., on Wednesday.

CINCINNATI ITEMS.—Joe Doyle, the last one left of the professional Buckeye nine of 1868, and a capital first base man, particularly on grounders, has joined the Forest City Club, of Rockford, Ill. Joe is a good bat as well as fielder, but is rather a slow runner.....The Red Stockings have their opening on Saturday of this week, 16th inst. They have some thoughts of a Southern trip soon after.

ORION CLUB.—The officers of this New York club for the ensuing year are as follows:—President, Dan'l W. Peterson; Vice-President, Chas. H. Peoble; Recording Secretary, David H. Van Saur; Corresponding Secretary, Thos. J. Tompkins; Treasurer, Chas. A. Esler. Board of Directors—Peter Downey, Edward Jenning and Edward Goodall. Captain first nine, Peter Downey.

RE-ORGANIZATION.—The Æsna Club, junior, of Whitehall, N. Y., re-organized on the 1st, by the election of the following officers:—President, J. Mulholland; Vice-President, Geo. De Lano; Secretary, A. M. Doherty; Treasurer, J. H. Rodd; Captain, W. Hurtubis; Directors—J. E. Scrofford, D. G. Murray and H. Thomas.

HARVARD VS. LOWELL.—The Lowell and Harvard Clubs played their opening match of the season upon Jarvis' Field, Cambridge, on the 7th inst. The game was quite interesting, although a good deal of muffing took place, and the score at the finish stood in favor of the college boys by 21 to 20.

JUNIOR PLAY IN MASSACHUSETTS.—The Excelsior Club, of Boston (junior), visited Lynn on Thursday, 7th inst., and vanquished the Osceola Club of that city with great ease, the score being 23 to 8.

WASHINGTON VS. PELICAN.—These crack clubs played a game on the grounds of the former, New Orleans, on the 3d inst., when the Pelicans proved the victors by a score of 56 to 23.

THE FISK, JR., is the title to be adopted by a club now in course of organization at the Grand Opera House, this city.

THE RING.

THE AMERICAN CHAMPIONSHIP.

The only fresh piece of information which we have to communicate to our readers this week, anent the match between Tom Allen and Jem Mace, is that the former has commenced real work, having gone into training quarters near the Crescent City on the 7th inst., to remain there up to the day of battle, pursuing that rigorous course of exercise and diet necessary to enable him to cope with a man of such vast enduring power as our present champion. He will take his breathings under the watchful eyes of that experienced tutor, Jim Cusick, who trained Heenan and Coburn, and his cousin Pooley, who understands precisely what Jem's requirements are. Allen is a willing worker, and under the care of Jack Goulding, he is doing hard work and plenty of it, and rapidly diminishing the amount of unnecessary flesh now clogging the machinery of his organization. His trainer informs us that he weighed 204 pounds on the 2d inst., having reduced himself ten pounds since he was installed at Wash Home, which proves that he is not allowing the grass to grow under his feet. We are frequently asked if we think they will fight at all by those whom previous fizzles have rendered skeptical, especially in the case of matches for so large a sum, to which inquiry we have invariably replied affirmatively. We are convinced that both men mean fighting (our reasons for so believing were given some weeks ago), and if anything outside of magisterial interference occurs to bring the match to an unsatisfactory *finale*, we shall feel disposed to attribute the same to the instrumentality of one or other of those who find the money for them. However, we do not anticipate any such result as this, and we cannot perceive any grounds for the entertainment of such conjecture by any one. As time rolls on, and everything pertaining to the match is seen to progress so smoothly, the unbelievers, who were so plentiful at first, are rapidly becoming fewer and fewer, and consequently the interest exhibited in the affair is heightened in a corresponding degree. As is always the case, opinions upon the issue are totally at variance, though there appears to be a growing fear that the advantages possessed by Allen will counterbalance those of the accomplished man from Norwich; still Mace is the greater favorite at slight odds, and that stacks of greenbacks will be wagered upon the result is an assured fact. The next and final deposit, one thousand dollars a side, is due at this office on Friday, the 22d of April. The bait heretofore alluded to as being gotten up by the friends of Allen in St. Louis, for presentation to him as a mark of esteem for his manly, straightforward conduct and gallant bearing in past contests on our soil, will, we learn, shortly be finished and presented to Tom. Messrs. Jaccard, jewelers, are the manufacturers, and that it will be a splendid affair may be inferred from the statement that it will cost $1,000. Allen informs us that he will not scale less than 175lbs. on the day of the battle, as he has grown much larger since his last fight.

THE FIGHT FOR TUESDAY, 12th INST.

KERRIGAN vs. TOUHEY.

As we pen this preparations are being quietly made by the sports of the metropolis and vicinity to journey to the ground selected for the milling encounter between Jim Kerrigan, of the Fourth Ward, and Ed. Touhey, of the Dry Dock, which is to take place on the morning of Tuesday, 12th inst., about three score miles from this city. Those desiring to attend will be conveyed to the ground by two steamers chartered for the purpose, the tariff imposed being five dollars per head. Touhey had an exhibition at Continental Hall, Eighth avenue, on Saturday evening, 9th inst., and his appearance stripped, together with his clever display, impressed all favorably and caused his backers to become enthusiastic in his support, odds being repeatedly offered that he carries the day. We have not seen Kerrigan of late, but we learn that he has been brought into very nearly as good condition as his opponent under the eye of "Skinny Bill," and his adherents speak very confidently of his prospects, while they are ready to back up their opinion with green paper. We understand that Touhey will be waited upon by Owney Geoghegan and Bill Clark, while his brother Dan and Johnny Monaghan will esquire Kerrigan. The gentleman chosen final stakeholder, a prominent Brooklyn sport, received the stakes last week.

SEDDONS vs. COBURN.

Regarding the proposed mill between these light-weights we have received the following communication in reply to that of Mike Coburn's, which appeared in our last:—

ST. LOUIS, April 8, 1870.

FRANK QUEEN.—DEAR SIR.—From the CLIPPER just received I learn that Coburn has covered my deposit forwarded last week, but declines meeting me at either of the places stipulated in Mr. Roach's communication. The covering of the $100 is merely a "make believe" on the part of Mickey, who, I am satisfied, does not wish or ever meant to fight me, or he would have accepted the square proposition contained in the communication referred to above, as he well aware that it is simply impossible for me to go east without forfeiting my liberty. If Mickey really wishes to fight, I will allow him $100 for expenses to meet me in either of the localities mentioned by Mr. Roach. If this does not suit Coburn, his friends must think him hard to please, and my challenge will have to remain open for some less fastidious light-weight. Respectfully yours, GEORGE SEDDONS.

Jim Coburn called in since the above was in type, and states that the backers of Mickey will not agree to his going west. He offers Seddons the choice of ground 200 miles from New York city, and as different men have already gone west from this city to fight (notably, Joe Coburn and Dick Hollwood) he thinks George has no plausible excuse for not accepting this, as he has no danger to fear. Mickey leaves his $100 in our hands, and if Seddons don't accept he'll fight any man in the country, at 118lbs., upon the same terms he last week offered him.

FATAL SHOOTING AFFRAY IN PHILADELPHIA.—PADDY WILLIAMS THE VICTIM.—The city of Brotherly Love was, during the past week, the scene of another desperate affray, in which cruel lead performed a murderous part, depriving of life one well known to the sporting fraternity. The circumstances of the affair are as follows:—On the evening of Wednesday, 6th inst., Paddy Williams (formerly of Pittsburgh, where, during the war, a match was proposed between him and Johnny Mackey, but it never came to anything) and Frank McDonald, *alias* McCoy, *alias* "Big Frank," met at an early hour in the bar-room of the Continental Hotel and became involved in a dispute concerning a loss sustained by one of them at faro, bucking the tiger being the method adopted by them to gain a livelihood. The altercation waxed warm and they were about clinching, when mutual friends interfered and separated them. About nine o'clock the same evening they met again at a saloon located on the S. E. corner of Eleventh and Sanson streets, when the quarrel was renewed. From words they speedily came to blows, and McDonald received a severe cut on the head. The latter now drew a revolver, fired upon Williams, the ball taking effect in the groin and causing the victim to sink to his knees. Another shot was fired while he was in that position, the missile penetrating the left breast, close to the nipple, passing obliquely through the lung and lodging in the back, having severed in its course one of the principal arteries, causing a copious hemorrhage. Two more shots followed in rapid succession, but neither touched Williams. McDonald then left the saloon, pistol in hand, but was subsequently arrested about a dozen blocks off, having been followed by a policeman, who, not possessing sufficient courage to attempt his arrest himself, waited until he met a brother officer who was not afraid to perform his duty. The wounded man was conveyed to the Pennsylvania Hospital, where the physician in charge probed his wounds, expressing the opinion that they were fatal. Shortly afterwards Alderman Morrow was sent for to take his ante-mortem statement, but upon telling Williams the object of his visit, the latter said:—"I have no charge to make against any one; if you are here, Alderman, to ask me who did the shooting, I will not tell you. I forgive the man who shot me, and I hope that he may prosper and live a thousand years; to punish him would do me no good, and if I should die it would only be inflicting on him a punishment of which he may not be deserving. He may have been right in the matter and I may have been wrong; anyway I forgive him, and will not under any circumstances divulge anything that would injure him." He then said that he had but one request to make, which was that his body be sent to his father, James Williams, No. 35 Eighteenth street, Pittsburgh. A Catholic priest was sent for and administered the sacrament to him during the night, and Alderman William McMullin, William Whitney and several other friends called to see him. He lingered until six o'clock on the evening of the 7th, when he expired, persistently refusing to give any information relative to the affair. On the morning of the 7th McDonald's counsel, Mr. L. C. Cassidy, attempted to secure a hearing in the case, but no witnesses of the occurrence being present, the Alderman committed the prisoner and ordered a hearing at two o'clock on the 8th.

WE HAVE LETTERS for James Miles and Patsey Sheppard.

SHEPPARD AND ENGLISH MATCHES.—According to appointment, Patsey Sheppard and Mike English met at our office, accompanied by a number of friends, on the afternoon of the 11th inst., to clinch the argument between them by signing articles, and increasing the amount of the deposit for their match. Unusually, in matches of this kind, there is a deal of useless talk before an agreement is arrived at, but in this case not a point presented itself for discussion, and without any ado articles were sealed, binding them to fight at catch-weight on the 27th day of May next, fifty miles from the Rim City, for $300 a side, the men to be in the ring between 6 and 10 o'clock, A. M. The deposit was increased to $75 from each, making $150 now up; the second deposit, $75 a side, is to be made at Sheppard's, 51 Crown street, New Haven, on April 16th, the third, of like amount, at Mr. Burton's, 18 Crown street, on April 25th, and the fourth, $75 a side (or $275 a side if mutually agreeable), at Coughlin's, the Adams House, 56 Union street, on May 17th—each deposit to be staked not later than ten o'clock P. M., or a forfeit ensues. The money to be thereafter forwarded to this office, and subsequently transferred to the final stakeholder, who must be chosen at the last deposit, when toss for choice of ground will take place, the loser receiving ten days notice of the place selected.

JOE COBURN was up for a farewell benefit on Sunday evening, April 3d, at Magnire's Opera House, San Francisco, Cal. Tommy Chandler and Billy Dwyer were to set-to for the first time since they appeared together in the roped arena. James Dougherty and Edward Melarney were to set-to together, and Joe Coburn was to wind up with Dan Rice, a pugilist formerly of New York. There were to be many volunteers, including jig and clog dancers, Add Weaver, and Forrestelle the female contortionist. Joe has been rather unfortunate of late, and takes this benefit to start him and his wife for New York. Joe was to leave San Francisco on Monday, April 4th, stopping at Virginia City, Nevada, for two days, Chicago one or two days, and expects to reach this city on or about the 15th inst. He informs us that he returns from the "Pacific Slope" expressly to witness the coming fight between Mace and McCoole, and that he shall challenge the winner.

AMONG THE TROJANS.—The residents within the walls of Troy were favored with a more than ordinary fine display of sparring and athletics on the evening of the 6th inst., when Prof. O'Neill, of the Troy Gymnasium, gave an exhibition at a prominent hall. The entertainment consisted of sparring, club swinging, dumb bell exercise and singing by the Professor's pupils, Mr. Lee putting up a dumb bell weighing 150 lbs. with great apparent ease. The closing display was the feature of the evening, bringing into opposition with the gloves William Clark, of New York (who had gone up by request, especially to set-to), and Mr. O'Neill, which was one of the finest illustrations of the manly art which the people of that section ever witnessed, and drew forth loud applause. The attendance was large. Prof. Clark expresses himself well pleased with his visit, and desires to return, through us, his sincere thanks to Col. O'Brion, Mr. O'Neill, and his scholars, for the kindnesses extended to him while there.

ENOCH KELLY'S NIGHT.—This feather-weight boxer gave an exhibition at Union Hall, Union Avenue, Greenpoint, L. I., on the 6th inst., the house being full and the company orderly. The sets-to were between Rouse and Tunnis, Steve Allen and Shenny, Bill Fox and Young Omealia, Jack Joyce and Young Carr, (a tremendous glove fight, hot and heavy all the time) Teddy Neary and Dan Kerrigan, Young Edwards and Bowers, Teddy Neary and Enoch Kelly—winding up—the latter being a very pretty set-to. Fox and Omealia likewise made a very scientific display. Tovee was master, as usual, and wishes us to express his thanks to Kelly for his liberality, which, though nothing more than the hard-working old gentleman deserves, shows well by contrast.

ED. RUSSELL, the champion club swinger, called upon us one day last week respecting the challenge issued by John Cotter, and which particularly alluded to him. He desires us to say, in answer thereto, that he is not a professional swinger and will not engage in a match for money; but if Mr. Cotter wishes to test his abilities, he will meet him at any time that may be agreed upon at the New York Athletic Club Rooms, Maire's Gymnasium, St. Mark's place, and give him the desired opportunity.

SKITTLE MATCH.—On Easter Monday, 18th inst., a match at skittles for $50, 21 chalks up, stand fair, will be played between those experts, W. Moore and T. Price, of Cockney Lane, at the quoit and skittle grounds of Robert Calvin, *alias* "Manchester Bob," Eagle Hotel, Carroll street, near Third avenue, South Brooklyn. Moore is open to play any man in the country for a stake, stand fair, with a twelve pound ball. These grounds have been put in good order for the season and two new skittle alleys added.

OFF FOR THE WEST.—Billy Edwards and Dooney Harris were to leave this city for a western trip on this (Tuesday) morning, intending to visit and give exhibitions in all the principal cities there and in the south west. They will make their first stand at Troy, and from thence proceed to Albany, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, Cleveland, Chicago, Detroit, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, St. Louis, and down the "Father of Waters," making their calculations to wind up the tour at New Orleans in season for the Mace and Allen championship battle.

DEATH OF BILL LADD.—We regret to find recorded in our San Francisco exchanges the decease of the well known sporting man and fireman, which took place in that city on March 23d, of apoplexy. He was formerly foreman of Engine 38, of New York, before the paid department came into existence, but for six years past had resided in California. His many friends in this city will hear with sorrow of his unexpected demise.

HARRY HICKEN is now installed at No. 36 East Houston street, this city, where he will be prepared to give lessons in sparring to gentlemen desiring such instruction, as also attend to their requirements inwardly. See his advertisement in another column

ED. WILSON has disposed of his saloon, No. 100 Bleecker street, and is at present casting his optics about with a view to finding an eligible site up town whereat to re-embark in the business.

JIM TURNER, whose whereabouts were recently inquired for by a correspondent, is at present in New Orleans, having returned from a sojourn of nearly three years in Central America.

THE TRIGGER.

THE CHAMPION PIGEON SHOOT.

MILES JOHNSON THE WINNER.

The pigeon shooting contest for the championship of the United States and an elegant badge, besides $150 to the winner, $100 to the second man, and $50 to the third, took place on Thursday, 7th inst., at Mark Rock, near Providence, R. I., on the grounds occupied by Ed. W. Tinker. The trophy was offered by the Rhode Island Sportsmen's Club, under whose auspices the shooting took place, and about six hundred persons paid their passage money on board the steamer What Cheer, which had been chartered to convey the contestants and spectators to the grounds. The entrance fee was fixed at $50, and the entries were six in number, viz.: Ira A. Paine, New York; E. W. Tinker, Providence; Miles Johnson, New Jersey; John Taylor, Jersey City; Percy Aldrich, Providence, and J. R. Brown, Buffalo. On the way to the ground pools were sold by Mr. Marshall, an old hand at the business, Tinker being the favorite and selling in all but one pool, as first choice, Taylor being fancied next and Johnson third. Dinner was partaken of after the arrival of the party at Mark Rock, and at one o'clock the sport commenced, each man shooting at 25 single birds, 21 yards rise and 80 yards boundary, from H and T ground traps. At the beginning Taylor missed his bird, and the third shot Johnson missed a bird, the others shooting easily and surely. At the end of the first ten birds, Taylor had lost three, Paine three, Tinker and Aldrich two, and Johnson and Brown one each. Pool selling was resumed, Johnson and Brown selling about evenly, and Tinker still ahead. By the time the fifteenth bird had been shot at Brown had gone to the lead, and money was put very freely upon "the stranger," as he was called. Those who had bought him very low before in the field looked cheerful, and those who hadn't sorrowfully wished they had. Even Tinker's backers "hedged" on Brown. His star was in the ascendant, and shining brightly. At the twentieth shot everybody thought that "the stranger" was certainly walking away with the "champions." Johnson was second, and the others were bunched together, Tinker having lost three birds, Paine five, Taylor five and Aldrich five. Here was a turn—the longest lane must have one—and Brown missing three birds in succession gave him the match, and made Johnson's chances very favorable. From this point to the close of the shooting Johnson kept in the lead, and easily won the contest, losing but three birds out of the thirty-five. No one would buy a pool against him, for none were so foolish as to send "good money after bad." Taylor, who had been shooting very badly at first, rallied, and to such good purpose that he was awarded the second money, Tinker taking the third money. The unlucky shooting of Aldrich at the middle of the match rather discouraged him, but he also made better scoring toward the close. Paine was very unfortunate with his birds, and hardly did himself justice; while bad luck seemed to stare Tinker continually in the face. The deepest interest was taken in the affair by the spectators, and while at times there was much excitement, the best of order prevailed. The best consecutive shooting was done by Johnson and Aldrich. We append the score:—

Johnson	1101111101111011111101111111111111—28
Taylor	0110011111101111111011111111111111—30
Tinker	1111101111011111101101111111111111—30
Paine	1111001101101111001011111011111111—28
Brown	1110111111111111111111111111111111—34
Aldrich	1111101110101111111111111111010110—27

The birds were, in sporting parlance, "heavy," nearly every one on being released requiring the persuasion of a stone to induce him to take wing. Some of them absolutely refused to start. On his fourth shot Tinker had two of this character, and both being barred, a third, a lively fellow, was trapped and killed. At the close of the match Paine challenged the winner, Johnson, to make a match anywhere, at any time, for $500 a side and the badge, each man to shoot at one hundred birds, the time and place to be at the option of the challenged party. Under the rules by which the badge is governed, the winner is not obliged to accept challenges oftener than once in four months, though he may accept for a less time if he chooses. Newton Dexter, President of the N. I. S. C., was referee.

THE DOMINION CHAMPIONSHIP.

TAYLOR DEFEATS WARD AGAIN.

On the 30th ult. Joseph Taylor and James Ward, both of Toronto, met for the fourth time in a trial of skill with the trigger, the match resulting from a challenge issued by Ward, who was dissatisfied with the defeats previously sustained and desired to test his powers once more against the champion. The contest took place at Leslieville, C. W., and was for $50 a side, H and T ground traps, 50 single birds each, 21 yards rise and 80 yards boundary, with 1½oz. shot. Richard Varcoe officiated as judge for Ward and Robert Hodgson did likewise for Taylor, while Alex. Muir filled the position of referee. The weather was favorable and everything gave promise of an exciting contest. However, neither man made as good a display as they have previously done under less advantageous circumstances, as the score below attests:—

TAYLOR—10*1011111110110*1101111010111100*1111*11111111110—36 out of 50.

WARD—01110101111111111011010101*1101101111011111111001—37 out

TESTED FRIENDSHIP.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY UNCLE JOE.

On the curb he sat, sound asleep, one night,
As a friend and myself homeward hurried,
We did over him bend, and found 'twas a friend
Who too late on a spree had tarried.

We carried him off to his boarding house,
The latch with his night key turning,
And we struggled upstairs to the third story back,
Where the gas was dimly burning.

No useless night-shirt on him did rest,
But in blankets and sheets we wound him,
And he lay like a mummy, it must be confessed,
After some of his friends had bound him.

Few and low were the words we said,
As we gazed on this "terrible warning,"
But we chuckled as we looked at his face in the bed
How he'd think of his head in the morning.

We thought, as we tucked him securely in,
And laid his head down on the pillow,
That a cocktail next morn would taste better to him
Than the "wet" of a whole ocean billow.

Little he thinks of the revelry that's gone
Down his throat, and thus helpless has made him,
But he'll wake up all right, if he will but sleep on,
In the bed where his two friends have laid him.

And now that our friendly task was done
We thought ourselves of retiring,
As we heard "the clock in the steeple strike one,"
No longer to stay desiring.

Slowly and lower we turned the gas down,
In that little back room, the third story,
As we closed fast the door we knew well by his snore
In the morning he'd be MERRI DON.

THE CLOWN'S STORY.

"You wouldn't think it, to look at her now, sir," said the old clown, as he shook the ashes out of his blackened clay; "but madam was once as handsome a woman as you'd see for many a long day. It was an accident that spoilt her beauty."

The speaker was attached to a little equestrian company with which I had fallen in during a summer day's pedestrianism in Warwickshire. The troupe had halted at a roadside inn, where I was dawdling over my simple midday meal, and by the time I had smoked my cigar in his companionship the clown and I were upon a footing of perfect friendliness.

I had not been a little struck by the woman of whom he spoke. She was tall and slim, and had something of a foreign look, as I thought. Her face was chiefly remarkable for the painful impression which it gave to a stranger. It was the face of a woman who had undergone some great terror. The sickly pallor of the skin was made conspicuous by the hectic brightness of the large black eyes, and on one cheek there was a scar—the mark of some deadly hurt inflicted long ago.

My new friend and I had strolled a little way from the inn, where the rest of the company were still occupied with their frugal dinner. A stretch of sunny common lay before us, and seemed to invite a ramble. The clown filled his pipe, and walked on, meditatively. I took out another cigar.

"Was it a fall from horseback that gave her that scar?" I asked.

"A fall from horseback! Madame Delavanti! No, sir, that scam on her cheek was made by the claws of a tiger. It's rather a curious sort of story, and I don't mind telling it, if you'd like to hear it; but for the Lord's sake don't let her know I've been talking about her, if you should happen to scrape acquaintance with her when you go back to the inn."

"Has she such a dislike to being talked about?"

"I rather think she has. You see she's not quite right in the upper story, poor soul; but she rides beautifully, and doesn't know what fear means. You'd scarcely believe how handsome she looks at night when she's dressed for the ring. Her face lights up almost as well as it used to do ten years ago, before she had the accident. Ah, she was handsome in those days, and used to be so after by all the gentlemen like mad. But she never was a bad lot, never—wild and self willed, but never a wicked woman, as I'll stake my life. I've been her friend through thick and thin, when she needed a friend, and I've understood her better than others.

"She was only twelve years old when first she came to us with her father, a noted lion tamer. He was a man that drank hard now and then, and was very severe with her at times; but she always had a very high spirit, and I never knew her to quail before him or before the beasts. She used to take her share in all the old man's performances, and when he died and the lions were sold off our proprietor kept a tiger for her to perform with. He was the cleverest of all the animals, but a queer temper, and it needed a spirit like Caroline Delavanti's to face him. She rode in the circus as well as performing with the tiger, and was altogether the most valuable member of the company, and was very well paid for her work. She was eighteen when her father died, and within a year of his death she married Joseph Waylie, our scene painter.

"I was rather surprised at this marriage, for I fancied Caroline might have done better. Joe was thirty-five if he was a day—a pale, sandy-haired fellow, not much to look at, and by no means a genius. But he was awfully fond of Caroline, and he followed and worshipped her ever since she came among us, and I thought she married him more out of pity than love. I told her so one day, but she only laughed and said:—

"'He's too good for me, Mr. Waters; that's the truth. I don't deserve to be loved as he loves me.'

"The newly married couple did indeed seem to be very happy together. It was a treat to see Joe stand at the wing and watch his wife through her performances, ready to put a shawl over her pretty white shoulders when she had done, or throw himself between her and the tiger in case of mischief. She treated him in a pretty, patronizing sort of way, as if he had been ever so much younger than her, instead of sixteen years her senior. She used to stand upon tiptoe and kiss him before all the company sometimes in a much to his delight. He would have made a slave in the hope of improving his position as he improved in his art, and he thought nothing too good for his beautiful young wife. They had very comfortable lodgings about half a mile from the manufacturing town where we were stationed for the winter months, and lived as well as simple folks need live.

"Our manager was proprietor of a second theatre at a seaport town, fifty miles away from the place where we were stationed; and, when pantomime time was coming on, poor Joseph Waylie was ordered off to paint the scenery for this other theatre, much to his grief, as his work was likely to keep him a month or six weeks away from his wife. It was their first parting, and the husband felt it deeply. He left Caroline to the care of an old woman who took the money, and who professed a very warm attachment for Mrs. Wylie, or Madame Delavanti, as she was called in the bills.

"Joseph had not been gone much more than a week when I began to notice a young officer who was in front every evening, and who watched Caroline's performance with evident admiration. I saw him one night in very close conversation with Mrs. Muggleton, the money taker, and was not over pleased to hear Madame Delavanti's name mentioned in the course of their conversation. On the next night I found him loitering about the stage door. He was a very handsome man, and I could not avoid taking notice of him. On inquiry I found that his name was Jocelyn, and that he was a captain in the regiment then stationed in the town. He was the only son of a wealthy manufacturer, I was told, and had plenty of money to throw about.

"I had finished my performance earlier than usual one night soon after this, and was waiting for a friend at the stage door, when Captain Jocelyn came up the dark by street, smoking his cigar and evidently waiting for some one. I fell back into the shadow of the door and waited, feeling pretty sure that he was on the watch for Caroline. I was right. She came out presently and joined him, putting her hand under his arm as if it were quite a usual thing for him to be her escort. I followed them at a little distance as they walked off, and I waited till I saw Joe's wife safe within her own door. The captain detained her on the door step, talking for a few minutes, and would fain have kept her there longer, but she dismissed him with that pretty, imperious way she had with all of us at times.

"'Now, as a very old friend of Caroline's, I wasn't going to stand this sort of thing; so I taxed her with it plainly next day, and told her no good could come of any acquaintance between her and Captain Jocelyn.

"'And no harm, either, I'll be bound, you silly old fellow,' she said. 'I've been used to that sort of attention all my life. There's nothing but the most innocent flirtation between us.'

"'What would Joe think of such an innocent flirtation, Caroline?' I asked.

"'Joe must learn to put up with such things,' she answered, 'as long as I do my duty to him. I can't live without excitement and admiration, and that sort of thing Joe ought to know that as well as I do.'

"'I should have thought the tiger and the horses would have given you enough excitement, Caroline,' I said, 'without running into worse dangers than the risk of your life.'

"'But they don't give me half enough excitement,' she answered; and then she took out a little watch, in a jeweled case, and looked at it and then at me, in a half boastful, half anxious way.

"'Why, what a pretty watch, Carry!' said I. 'Is that a present from Joe?'

"'As if you didn't know better than that!' she said. 'Country scene painters can't afford to buy diamond watches for their wives, Mr. Waters.'

"I tried to lecture her, but she laughed off my reproaches; and I saw her that night with a bracelet on her arm which I knew must be another gift from the captain. He was in a stage box, and threw her a bouquet of choice flowers after her scene with the tiger. It was the prettiest sight in the world to see her pick up the flowers and offer them to the grim-looking animal to smell, and then snatch them away with a laugh and retire, courtesying to the audience and glancing coquettishly toward the box where her admirer sat applauding her.

"Three weeks went by like this, the captain in front every night. I kept a close watch upon the pair, for I thought that, however she might carry on her flirtation, Joe's wife was true at heart, and would not do him any deliberate wrong. She was very young and very wilful, but I fancied my influence would go a long way with her in any desperate emergency. So I kept an eye upon her and her admirer, and there was rarely a night that I did not see the captain's back turned upon the door of Mrs. Waylie's lodgings before I went home to my own supper.

"Joe was not expected home for another week, and the regiment was to leave town in a couple of days. Caroline told me this one morning with evident pleasure, and I was overjoyed to find she did not really care for Capt. Jocelyn.

"'Not a bit, you silly old man,' she said. 'I like his admiration and I like his presents, but I know there is no one in the world worth Joe.' I'm very glad the regiment will be gone when he comes back. I shall have had my bit of fun, you know, and shall tell Joe all about it; and, as Capt. Jocelyn will have gone to the other end of the world, he can't object to the presents—tributes offered to my genius, as the captain says in his notes.'

"I felt by no means sure that Joseph Waylie would consent to his wife's retaining these tributes, and told her as much.

"'Oh, nonsense,' she said; 'I can do what I like with Joe. He'll be quite satisfied when he sees Capt. Jocelyn's respectful letters. I couldn't part with my darling little watch for the world.'

"When I went to the theatre next night I found the captain standing talking to Caroline just inside the stage door. He seemed very earnest, and was begging her to do something which she said was impossible. It was his last night in the town, you see, and I have very little doubt that he was asking her to run away with him, for I believe the man was over head and ears in love with her, and that she was putting him off in her laughing, coquettish way.

"'I won't take your answer now,' he said, very seriously. 'I shall wait for you at the door to-night. You can't mean to break my heart, Caroline; the answer must be yes.'

"She broke away from him hurriedly. 'Hark,' she said, 'there's the overture, and in half an hour I must be upon the stage.'

"I passed the captain in the dark passage and a few paces further on passed some one else whose face I could not see, but whose short, hurried breathing sounded like that of a person who had been running. We brushed against one another as we passed, but the man took no notice of me.

"Half an hour afterward I was lounging in a corner of the ring while Caroline went through her usual performances with the tiger. Captain Jocelyn was in his usual place with a bouquet in his hand. It was New Year's night, and the house was very full. I had been looking all round for some time, when I was startled by the sight of a face in the pit. It was Joseph Waylie's face, ashy pale and fixed as death—a face that meant mischief.

"'He has heard something against his wife,' I thought. 'I'll run round to him directly I can get out of the ring and make matters square. Some confounded scandal monger has got hold of him and has been poisoning his mind about Caroline and the captain.' I knew there had been a good deal of talk in the theatre about the two—talk which I had done my best to put down.

"Captain Jocelyn threw his bouquet, which was received with a coquettish smile and a bright upward glance that seemed to express profound delight. I knew that this was mere stage play; but how must it have looked to the jealous man, glaring with fixed eyes from his place at the back of the pit! I turned to look at him as the curtain fell upon the stage, but he was gone. He was going around to speak to his wife, no doubt. I left the ring immediately and went to prepare her for the interview, and, if needful, to stand between her and her husband's anger.

"I found her at the wing, trifling with the bouquet in an absent way.

"'Have you seen Joe?' I asked.

"'No,' she answered. 'He hasn't come back, has he? I didn't expect him for a week.'

"'I know, my dear; but he was in front just now, looking as pale as a ghost. I'm afraid some one has been talking to him about you.'

"She looked rather frightened when I said this.

"'They can't say any harm of me if they speak the truth,' she said. 'I wonder Joe didn't come straight to me, though, instead of going to the front of the house.'

"'We were both wanted in the ring. I helped Caroline through her equestrian performance, and saw that she was a little nervous and anxious about Joe's return. She did not favor the captain with any more smiles that evening, and she told me to be ready for her at the stage door ten minutes before the performance was over.

"'I want to give Captain Jocelyn the slip,' she said; 'but I dare say Joe will come to me before I'm ready.'

"Joe did not appear, however, and she went home with me. I met the captain on my way back, and he asked me if I had been seeing Mrs. Waylie home. I told him yes, and that her husband had come home. Joe had not arrived at the lodgings, however, when Caroline went in, and I returned to the theatre to look for him. The stage door was shut when I went back, so I supposed that Joe had gone home by another way or was out drinking. I went to bed that night very uneasy in my mind about Caroline and her husband.

"There was an early rehearsal of a new interlude next morning, and Caroline came into the theatre five minutes after I got there. She looked pale and ill. Her husband had not been home.

"'I think it must have been a mistake of yours about Joe,' she said to me. 'I don't think it could have been him you saw in the pit last night.'

"'I saw him as surely as I see you at this moment, my dear,' I answered. 'There's no possibility of a mistake. Joe came back last night and Joe was in the pit while you were on with the tiger.'

"This time she looked really frightened. She put her hand to her heart suddenly and began to tremble.

"'Why didn't he come home to me?' she cried; 'and where did he hide himself last night?'

"'I'm afraid he must have gone out upon the drink, my dear.'

"'Joe never drinks,' she answered.

"While she stood looking at me with that pale, scared face, one of our young men came running toward us.

"'You're wanted, Waters,' he said, shortly.

"'Where?'

"'Upstairs in the painting room.'

"'Joe's room!' cried Caroline. 'Then he has come back. I'll go with you.'

"She was following me as I crossed the stage, but the young man tried to stop her.

"'You'd better not come just yet, Mrs. Waylie,' he said in a hurried way that was strange to him. 'It's only Waters that's wanted on a matter of business.' And then, as Caroline followed close upon us, he took hold of my arm and whispered, 'Don't let her come.'

"I tried to keep her back, but it was no use.

"'I know it's my husband who wants you,' she said. 'They've been making mischief about me. You shan't keep me away from him.'

"We were on the narrow stairs leading to the painting room by this time. I couldn't keep Caroline off. She pushed past both of us and ran into the room before we could stop her.

"'Serve her right,' muttered my companion. 'It's all her doing.'

"I heard her scream as I came to the door. There was a little crowd in the painting room around a quiet figure lying on a bench, and there was a ghastly pool of blood upon the floor. Joseph Waylie had cut his throat.

"'He must have done it last night,' said the manager. 'There's a letter for his wife on the table yonder. Is that you, Mrs. Waylie? A bad business, isn't it? Poor Joseph!'

"Caroline knelt down by the side of the bench and stopped there on her knees, as still as death, till the room was clear of all but me.

"'They think I deserve this, Waters,' she said, lifting her white face from the dead man's shoulder, where she had hidden it; 'but I meant no harm. Give me the letter.'

"'You'd better wait a bit, my dear,' I said.

"'No, no; give it to me at once, please.'

"I gave her the letter. It was very short. The scene-painter had come back to the theatre in time to hear some portion of the interview between Capt. Jocelyn and his wife. He evidently had believed her much more guilty than she was.

"'I think you must know how I loved you, Caroline,' he wrote; 'I can't face life with the knowledge that you've been false to me.'

"Of course there was an inquest. We worked it so that the jury gave a verdict of temporary insanity, and poor Joe was buried decently in the cemetery outside the town. Caroline sold the watch and the bracelet that Capt. Jocelyn had given her in order to pay for her husband's funeral. She was very quiet and went on with the performances as usual a week after Joe's death; but I could see a great change in her. The rest of the company were very hard upon her, as I thought, blaming her for her husband's death, and she was under a cloud, as it were; but she looked as handsome as ever, and went through all her performances in her old daring way. I'm sure, though, that she grieved sincerely for Joe's death, and that she had never meant to do him wrong.

"We traveled all through the next summer, and late in November went back to Homersleigh. Caroline had seemed happier while we were away, I thought, and when we were going back she confessed as much to me.

"'I've got a kind of dread of seeing that place again,' she said; 'I'm always dreaming of the painting room as it looked that January morning, with the cold light streaming in upon that dreadful figure on the bench. The room's scarcely been out of my dreams one night since I've been away from Homersleigh; and now I dread going back as if—as if he was shut up there.'

"The room was not a particularly convenient one, and had been used for lumber after Joe's death. The man who came after him didn't care to paint there by himself all day long. On the first morning of our return Caroline went up and looked in at the dusty heap of disused stage furniture and broken properties. I met her coming away from the room.

"'Oh, Mr. Waters,' she said to me with real feeling, 'if he had only waited to hear me speak for myself! They all think I deserve what happened, and perhaps I did as far as it was a punishment for my frivolity; but Joe didn't deserve such a fate. I know it was their malicious talk did the mischief.'

"I fancied after this that her looks changed for the worse, and that she had a nervous way in going through her equestrian performances, as if there was a fever upon her. I couldn't judge so well how she went through the tiger act, as I was never on the stage with her, but the brute seemed as submissive as ever. On the last day of the year she asked our manager to let her off for the next night. 'It is the anniversary of my husband's death,' she said.

"'I didn't know you were so precious fond of him,' he answered with a sneer. 'No, Mrs. Waylie, we can't afford to dispense with your services to-morrow night. The tiger act is one of our strong features with the gallery, and I expect a full house for New Year's night.'

"She begged him very hard to let her off, but it was no use. There was no rehearsal on New Year's morning, and she went to the little cemetery where Joe was buried—a three miles walk—in the cold and rain. In the evening, when she came to the wing, her eyes were brighter than usual, and she shivered a good deal more than I liked to see.

"'I think I must have caught cold in the cemetery today,' she said to me when I noticed this. 'I wish I could have kept this night sacred—this one night—to my husband's memory. He has been in my mind so much to-day.'

"She went on, and I stood at the wing watching her. The audience applauded vociferously, but she did not make her accustomed courtesy, and went through her work in a listless way that was very different from her usual spirited manner. The animal seemed to know this, and when she had got about half way through her tricks with him he began to respond to her word of command in a sulky, unwilling manner that I didn't like. This made her angry, and she used her light whip more freely than usual.

"One of the tiger's concluding tricks was a leap through a garland of flowers which Caroline held for him. She was kneeling in the centre of the stage, with this garland in her hands, ready for the animal's spring, when her eyes wandered to the front of the house, and she rose suddenly with a shrill scream and her arms outstretched wildly. Whether the sulky brute thought that she was going to strike him or not, I don't know; but he sprang savagely at her as she rose, and in the next moment she was lying on the ground, helpless, and the audience screaming with terror. I rushed upon the stage, with half a dozen others, and we had the brute muzzled and roped in a few breathless moments; but not before he had torn Caroline's cheek and shoulder with his claws. She was insensible when we carried her off the stage, and she was confined to her bed for three months after the accident with brain fever. When she came among us again she had lost every vestige of color, and her face had that set look which you must have observed just now.'

"The fright of her encounter with the tiger gave her that look," I said. "I don't much wonder at it."

"Not a bit of it," answered the clown. "That's the curious part of the story. She didn't think anything of the skirmish with the tiger, though it quite spoilt her beauty. What frightened her was the sight of her husband sitting in the pit, as he had sat there a year before, on the night of his death. Of course you'll say it was a delusion, and so say I. But she declares she saw him sitting among the crowd—among them, and yet not of them, somehow, with a sort of ghastly light upon his face that marked him out from the rest. It was the sight of him that made her drop her garland and give that scream and rush that frightened the tiger. You see she had been brooding upon his death for a long time, and no doubt she conjured up his image out of her own brain, as it were. She's never been quite the same since that fever; but she has plenty of pluck, and there's scarcely anything she can't do now with Baber, the tiger; and I think she's fonder of him than of any human creature, in spite of the scar on her cheek."

A TEMPERANCE EFFORT FOILED.—The Auburn *News* tells a good story of Barnum, the showman. It happened some years ago. Barnum, who hates liquor, was going by railroad from Auburn to Syracuse, and noticed an old man drinking from a bottle. Barnum begged for the bottle hard. The dispute grew hot. Passengers crowded around to see the sport. The old man was getting hilarious. Finally, just as the train reached Sennet station, Barnum got the bottle. A pint of whiskey remained within. In more of a passion than the great showman was ever before seen, he dashed the bottle violently through the open window to the ground. Everybody looked curiously out, expecting to see the bottle shivered into a thousand pieces. But no; it had landed on a soft spot, and just at that moment a son of Erin, passing by, spied it reposing between the rails of a branch track. Pat picked it up, uncorked it, tasted of the contents, and, with a comically joyful and wondering grin, carried it off in triumph. The car was in a roar of laughter at the unexpected upshot of the matter, and Barnum, with a sigh at the prevalence of iniquity in the world, subsided entirely for the rest of the journey.

DANGEROUS GROUND;
OR,
THE THREE SISTERS OF WOOD HOUSE FARM

CHAPTER XXX.

In human hearts what bolder thought can rise
Than man's presumption on to-morrow's dawn?
Young's Night Thoughts.

For some moments astonishment, mingled with indignation, prevented Miss Happiman from speaking, but when her reason had mastered her anger and surprise, she recovered the power of speech of which she had been temporarily deprived, and darting a look of resentment at the intruder, inquired of Fanny who he might be, though her perception was sufficiently acute to enable her to make a shrewd and correct guess at his identity.

Seeing that Fanny betrayed some embarrassment, and imagining that he had been the subject of conversation between the two at some former time, Philip boldly answered Miss Happiman's query, saying:—

"My name is Dashwood. I belong to a county family and am a gentleman. This young lady and I were acquainted years ago, and——"

"Stop, sir," cried Miss Happiman, whose indignation flashed from her eyes, "you have said quite enough. I am fully aware of the nature of the relations formerly existing between you and Miss Garraway, and after your base treatment of her I am free to confess that I am surprised beyond measure at your unprecedented presumption in coming here. When she was poor and friendless you deserted her, after being guilty of a deception deserving the severest punishment, and now that you hear she is rich you come like a contemptible fortune hunter to see if the memory of bygone years will not make some impression on her poor, fond, soft heart."

"I am no fortune hunter," answered Philip Dashwood, surlily.

"I regret that you are, but, thank goodness, I am here to protect the girl whom you would impose upon a second time," retorted Miss Happiman.

"If I am correct in believing that this house is as much Miss Garraway's as your own, if not more so," answered Philip, with a studied insolence which increased Miss Happiman's rage, as fanning a fire augments the blaze, "I feel myself justified in appealing to Miss Garraway to protect me from your violence. I am a welcome if not a favored visitor, and you arrived at an opportune time, when the dear girl was about to confess the continued existence of that love for me which was once an all-consuming passion with her."

"Is this true, Fanny?" asked Miss Happiman.

"It is, indeed, dear friend," answered Fanny, covered with blushes. "I do not see why I should be ashamed of making the confession, for you know I have always said I could not trust my heart if Philip and I met. It is impossible to deny to you, who know all, that I have cause for complaint in the past, but when Philip expresses his sorrow, and is sincerely penitent——"

"That for his penitence," interrupted Miss Happiman, snapping her fingers.

"And promises to make me his wife," continued Fanny, regardless of the interruption, "all my resentment melts away like ice before the sunshine, and I am willing to forgive and forget, and become his wife."

"Never, with my consent," exclaimed Miss Happiman, with energy. "This is madness, infatuation, call it what you will, except sanity. This is the way girls sacrifice their happiness to villains who betray the sacred trust confided to them, and give the silly creatures cause to regret their folly as long as they live. I call upon you, my child, by the memory of my brother, who loved you as his own daughter, to dismiss that man."

A fearful contest, which may be described as one between love and duty, now took place in Fanny's breast. Miss Happiman was really grand in tone and manner. There was a maternal majesty in the attitude she assumed. At last Fanny gave way. She could not resist the appeal to the memory of her kind friend and benefactor, who might be looking down from heaven upon her with pitying gaze.

"Philip," she said, in a sterner voice than she had yet employed when speaking to him, but which was not wholly deprived of tenderness, "you must go. Oblige me by offering no resistance to my wish on this occasion. I will communicate with you in writing."

"Tell me, Fanny," exclaimed Philip Dashwood, who had retreated from her side, and was now standing near the fireplace, showing by the dark, restless expression of his face, how much annoyed he was by what had happened, "tell me if you believe that I am the false, shallow-hearted fortune-hunter which this lady has thought fit to call me. If I have your good opinion I shall go away happy, believing that I may yet triumph."

"I have not so bad an opinion of you," answered Fanny. "I believe that your regret is sincere, and your penitence true, and in your absence I will fight your battle, and endeavor to remove the unhappy prejudice which my dear friend has conceived against you; but you must not stay. It is Miss Happiman's desire that you should not remain here, and I beg you will go without any further comment on what has taken place."

"Certainly," he replied, "you have only to command for me to obey, and while we are separated I shall know little peace until I hear from you."

With a bow to both ladies he took up his hat and stick and went away, rage and despair fighting for the mastery in his heart. He could have laid Miss Happiman dead at his feet without the slightest compunction.

Fanny had declared that she loved him, and his only consolation was the hope that her love would in the end conquer her duty, which, when appealed to by Miss Happiman, had proved so annoyingly victorious. He had calculated upon a triumph and a speedy marriage, a clandestine one without any preparation, pomp, and parade would have suited him, for in a few short days the terrible bill which he had forged was coming due, and ruin, disgrace, exposure, with speedy punishment following in their track, was at hand.

He must have money, that was a settled fact, yet he did not see how he could obtain it unless he made himself master of Fanny's fortune. This Miss Happiman's determined conduct and sagacity had rendered impossible for a time. Certainly, if he could see Fanny again shortly, he might make an appeal to her for money, though this would lay him open to a charge of being mercenary, and though he might obtain what he wanted, it would perhaps injure his prospects and throw impediments in the way of his marriage.

His mind was a chaos of ideas as he wended his way back to his friend, Harry Barton's, chambers. Barton was out, and he threw himself into an arm chair, lighted a cigar, and smoked savagely, thinking now of Fanny, now of the forged bill, and the probable rage of Sir Gervase Fanshawe when he had discovered the illegal use which had been made of his name.

A dead silence followed Philip Dashwood's withdrawal from the apartment. Fanny was inclined to cry, and a few tears did force themselves into her eyes, but ashamed to show her weakness, she checked her grief and drove the tears back.

Miss Happiman paced the room restlessly, as if deep in thought, but unable to make up her mind respecting a matter of the last importance. At length she stopped and said:—

"You believe, my dear, that this man's love for you has returned. I believe nothing of the sort, and am of opinion that he is a base fortune-hunter, as I told him; and I am further of opinion that he would soon spend the money my poor brother left you, if he had the command of it."

"I wish I had no money," ejaculated Fanny, peevishly.

"Shall I tell you how to have, and yet not have any?" asked Miss Happiman.

"If you will obligingly explain so cunningly devised a riddle I am sure I shall be grateful for your kindnesses, rejoined Fanny, looking up with interest with her tear-laden eyes, through which she saw with difficulty.

"Two hundred a year will be sufficient for your wants," continued Miss Happiman. "Make over the remainder of your fortune to me. I will reassign it when the danger is past. You can trust me, I hope, and acquit me, dear, of any intention to impoverish you. When this is done let the young man call again. I will see him first and prove to him that you only have two hundred a year, which I pay to you, and which you can absolutely call your own. You get fifty pounds a quarter from me and no more. Over the principal you have no control whatever. Then you shall see him, and if he does not alter his tone and endeavor to back out of this offer of marriage, I am egregiously mistaken in the estimate I have formed of the gentleman's character, that is all. What do you say to my plan now I am acquainted with its details?"

"I am charmed with it," said Fanny, "and agree to it without any further debate. As to my mistrusting you, how could you harbor such a thought; you who are my best and only friend? Let Philip be put to this test, and if he does not come out of the ordeal like gold from the crucible, doubly refined, I shall think him unworthy of my love and dismiss him from my thoughts, however much the struggle may pain me."

"Excellently spoken. You are still my own darling child!" cried Miss Happiman, much gratified, as she embraced her.

No time was lost in carrying out the details of this scheme. A lawyer was communicated with, who in the course of the following day had the necessary deeds drawn up, and saw them duly executed by the parties thereto.

Fanny relinquished her right to the three thousand a year which Miss Happiman had so generously left her, and became dependent on the latter's bounty for anything more than the two hundred pounds per annum which Miss Happiman covenanted to pay her. She was an heiress no longer.

A letter was written to Philip Dashwood requesting him to call upon Miss Happiman, which he, growing more desperate day by day, and eager for any chance of obtaining money, gladly did, hoping that his star was about to shine with increased brightness.

His jaunty air was gone, however, and his ordinarily handsome face was careworn and haggard. He stooped in his walk, and his dress was not so natty and tastefully arranged as usual. His affairs were coming to a crisis, and he seemed as if he did not care who knew it.

On entering he looked round the room as if expecting to see Fanny, and evidently wondered where she was. Miss Happiman divined the motive for his restless looks, and relieved his anxiety by saying:—

"You will have the pleasure of seeing Miss Garraway presently. For the present, Mr. Dashwood, you must content yourself with my society; and I want to have a little serious conversation with you."

The civility of her manner, and the conciliatory tone in which she spoke, resuscitated his dying hopes, and he became more animated, answering that he should have much pleasure in placing himself at her service for as long a period as she might desire.

"Thank you," said Miss Happiman, drily. "You are right in supposing that Miss Garraway——"

"Fanny—call her Fanny, if you please," he interrupted. "It is the name I have always been accustomed to address her by, and I love it."

"As you please. Fanny is still disposed to regard you with favoring eyes, in spite of your cruel and despicable behavior. Excuse me if I make use of strong language, but my indignation runs away with me when I think of the cruelty to which my friend and ward was subjected by you. However, she says on examining her heart that she still loves you."

"I will give her no cause to repent doing so," he said, assuming a contrite air.

"I trust not; but I think it due to you, Mr. Dashwood, to state the nature of Fanny's real position."

"I know that you are prejudiced against me, and believe that I am in quest of a wife with money," said Philip. "Still, if Fanny had not a half-penny I should love her, I should indeed."

"And marry her?" queried Miss Happiman.

"Certainly. Poverty would make no difference in my affection. I am not well off myself, as you have doubtless heard, but I am young and could work in some way. Since Fanny and I parted I have reproached myself continually for being weak enough to be guided by my father; had it not been for him I should neither have deceived nor deserted her; but it is useless to talk of the past. To the present, if you please, Miss Happiman, which is the harbinger and fond hope of a happy future."

His eyes lighted up once more, and he was evidently congratulating himself upon the favorable turn affairs had taken.

"Will you oblige me by reading those deeds?" said Miss Happiman, drily, as she placed before him the documents which she had just received from her lawyer.

TO BE CONTINUED.

MATCHLESS ART.—A "Borosis" well painted.

THE FIGHTING BLONDE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY JOSEPH J. GRANT.

Methought how much a queen she did resemble,
As past she swept with most determined haste;
With admiration fain my soul to tremble,
At form so beauteous, mind so mild and chaste,
She looked so sweetly, yet somewhat defiant,
Excuse which fault could I, if she were mine—
Upon success my mind was most reliant,
I'd win her yet, this angel, so divine!

Her image, fair, most constantly I courted,
'Twas graven in my heart, my soul, my mind;
But ne'er in dream or presence she reported,
But led me on, and I so stupid blind!
By day, by night, her footsteps e'er I followed,
Kept within reach whene'er she did appear,
But soon my love in putrid hatred wallowed,
I found she was another's treasure dear!

Demanded I of her why this deception?
Why not inform me of the truth? how rude!
But gave she me an unlooked for reception,
Threw off her glove and struck an attitude;
"Stand off, foul fiend! stand off!" cried she with vigor,
"I'll crash thy skull! I'll make thy brain a pond!
Begone, I say, thou mincing, rhymic digger!
For I'm a Lydia Thompson fighting blonde!"

BUFFALO, March, 1870.

A GLANCE AT EUROPE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY A TRAVELING SHOWMAN.

Sight Seeing in Paris.—No. 23.

THE JARDIN DES PLANTES—THE WINE MARKET—CHURCH ST. GERMAIN DES PRES—THE ARCH OF TRIUMPH—THE HIPPODROME—THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE—THE VARIETIES THEATRE—ST. DENIS.

The Jardin des Plantes, a botanical, zoological, mineralogical and geological museum, and having a cabinet of comparative anatomy, etc., was the next place visited. Louis the Fourteenth founded it, and Buffon, the naturalist, was the first superintendent. As a menagerie the Jardin des Plantes does not compare with the Zoological Gardens in the Regent's Park, London; but as a museum it is much superior and ranks above every other place of the kind in the world. To attempt to describe only the most valuable objects of interest here collected would fill a volume. The museum of comparative anatomy contains a number of skeletons of remarkable persons; one of a dwarf, the skeleton of the Syrian who was assassinated General Kleiber in Egypt, also the complete skin of a man tanned. The cabinet of anthropology contains portraits and specimens of Chinese, Arabs, Hottentots, Mongolians, Indians, Bushmen, Mummies, etc. The gallery of zoology has upwards of 200,000 specimens of nearly every animal, bird, reptile, etc., on the face of the globe. The mineralogical museum contains a large collection of geological specimens, including a piece of meteoric iron weighing 1,304 pounds, which fell near Paris. There is also a fine marble statue of Cuvier, the former chancellor of the University. The menagerie of living animals is a fine collection from all parts of the world, including alligators, crocodiles, lizards, chamelions, anacondas, boa constrictors and several deadly serpents. The horticultural gardens are very carefully attended to, are well worth seeing, and are open every day, admittance free.

The Halle aux Vins, or wine market, came next in order. It covers an immense space of ground, laid out in streets, where all the wine that is used in Paris must be brought and duly paid. A little further on brings us to the Abbey, or, as it is now called, the Church of St. Germain des Pres, a monument of the greatest interest to the stranger, as he now looks upon all that remains of one of the largest and most ancient monastic establishments in Paris, dating from the year 1,000. In one of the chapels is the tomb of James, Earl of Douglas, who died in 1674, and whose figure in marble is reclining on a sarcophagus. In another chapel is a monument to the memory of the Earl of Douglas and Arran, who died in 1611. The dimensions of the church are 200 by 65 feet, and 60 feet in height. Leaving the church and turning to the left we reach an open space, where stood, until a few years ago, "The Prison of the Abbey," where, during the first revolution, the daughter of a noble prisoner went to petition for her father's life, when the monsters who sat there as judges offered as their terms that, if she would drink of the heads of the republic in a goblet filled with blood, her father should be liberated, otherwise he was to be guillotined. The brave girl preferred to drink of the fearful cup and thus saved her father's life. The stones before this prison at that time were nearly always covered with blood. In February, 1848, the mob broke it open, liberated the prisoners and clothed them from the shops in the neighborhood, and when payment was asked presented a knife or pistol. They also broke open the wine vaults, and, taking out every movable thing, set fire thereto, and all was burnt.

Proceeding to the Louvre, we once more pass through the Champs Elysees, at the end of which beautiful avenue is the Arch of Triumph, one of the great monumental works of Napoleon the First. The first stone was laid on the 15th of August, 1806, the Emperor's birthday, but the structure was not completed until July, 1836. The central arch is 95 feet high by 45 wide, and forms part of the height of the whole building 152 feet long by 137 broad, and depth 68 feet. On the internal sides of the piers ninety-six victories are recorded, and under the transversal are the names of generals. Four groups of sculpture grace the piers, each figure in the proportion of eight feet. One represents the departure of the army in 1792, another the resistance of the French to the invaders in 1814, and a young man is represented in the act of defending his wife, children and father; another group commemorates the peace of 1815, in which a warrior is sheathing his sword, whilst another is taming a bull for the purposes of agriculture; also, a mother, with her children at her feet, while Minerva is shedding her influence over them. Then there are others representing the passage of the Bridge of Arcola, the taking of 100 standards, death of General Desaix, the Battle of Jemmapes and the Battle of Austerlitz. A flight of 261 steps leads to the top, from the platform of which a fine view of Paris may be obtained. The Place de l'Etoile, in which the Triumphal Arch is situated, is the central point of twelve avenues, one of which, the Avenue de l'Imperatrice, is nearly in a line with the Champs Elysees, and almost equals it in beauty. It is 1,300 yards long and 100 yards wide. A short distance from here was the Hippodrome, a large, open arena, used for equestrian spectacles and military shows, but this immense building was destroyed by fire about a month after we left Paris. The Avenue of the Grande Armee continues the line of the Champs Elysees beyond the Arch of Triumph. Nearly at the end of it is a railway station belonging to the line which makes the circuit round Paris, just within the line of fortifications.

We now pass beyond the walls of the city through the Porte Dauphine and enter the Bois de Boulogne, where a scene of splendor bursts upon the view that is totally impossible to describe. Thirty years ago this was a wilderness overgrown with rank vegetation and a few apologies for trees. Now it is one of the most superb parks in the world; long avenues, shaded walks, splendid drives, lakes, waterfalls, cascades, cafes, restaurants, a fine race course, the pre-catalan, a place of music, and other multifarious resources of refinement and out of door amusement. Within the precincts of the park is the Garden Zoologique et d'Acclimation, the grounds of which are thirty-three acres in extent and beautifully laid out, where all foreign animals are brought to be tamed and acclimated, and those who visit this place late in the afternoon have the pleasure of seeing the animals and birds enticed into their various resting places for the night. We now ride down a beautiful avenue, at the end of which is a beautiful waterfall issuing from a rock and falling into a lake below. Here at this enchanting spot a person can linger for hours and then be loth to tear himself from the enjoyment of such a scene. We next came to two beautiful lakes, where a road crosses the space that separates them, and where there is a pretty rustic Swiss cottage, at which refreshments may be had, and the exquisite beauty of the sylvan scenery in the vicinity of the lakes cannot be surpassed. All through the year, whether in summer, spring or autumn, and whatever the weather, the afternoon's most important *rendezvous* must invariably be the Bois de Boulogne, where are to be seen the gay, dashing, elegantly attired French woman in all her glory. It is from three until five, P. M., that the fashion of the nation shows itself in the park, when the rush of vehicles, of all sizes and shapes, goes on, from the close carriage of the nobility of the court and camp of Louis Napoleon, the park phaeton with its dashing pair, the pretty little chaired driving of the lovely female, down to the modest one horse fiacre, hired by the hour by the humble pleasure seeker. In the evening we visited the Varieties Theatre, on the Boulevard Montmartre, a pretty little theatre, which will hold about 1,500 people. The entertainment consisted of light musical burlesques, vaudevilles and opperettas. We spent about an hour there and then went to the Fantaisies Parisiennes, on the Boulevard des Italiens, where we found we could have opera, vaudeville, com

wound. Her only words before her death were embodied in a request that her mother be informed of her death.

BEAUTY DESERTED.

The Golden State is not free from cases of seduction and desertion. It seems, even by the wealthy, as is proven by a case brought to light on the 23d ult., at San Francisco, by the fair one's confession. The particulars are given by the *Morning Call*, of next day, as follows:—

Yesterday afternoon a beautiful girl, who appeared to be about nineteen years of age, visited the office of the prosecuting attorney and expressed a desire to have a warrant issued for the arrest of a young man—the only son of one of our wealthiest citizens. Being questioned as to the nature of the crime for which she wished to have him taken into custody, she stated that during the winter of 1866 she left boarding school at Oakland and went into the family of the young man's father, in the capacity of private teacher to two young girls. That while there the eldest son, whose name is William, made love to her, and that after persistent efforts he succeeded in gaining her love and confidence. His professions of eternal love she believed, and things went on smoothly for several months, until her condition became the subject of remark, and finally on the recommendation of her lover she went to Santa Cruz, where she was to reside for a short time, and where he would marry her, as he could not do so in this city, for fear of opposition from his parents. For a few weeks he wrote to her, and she answered his letters; but, after a while, he ceased writing, so she came back here and found him; but he made some plausible excuse, and advised her to return from whence she came, and promised in a short time he would meet her and fulfil his promise of marriage. Trusting to his honor she returned, and in time became the mother of a female child. Up to that time he had not come to her, and she saw herself betrayed by the only man she had ever loved, disgraced in the eyes of the world, and for a time her only thought was to destroy herself and babe, and thus leave this wicked world. But she bore her sufferings in silence, and when well enough, returned here to see the father of her child. A letter brought him to her side, and for the third time did he promise to lead her to the altar within a specified time; but he heeded not his promise, and deserted her for another, to whom he is to be wedded in a few weeks, and now she wished to have him arrested for seduction. She told her story with tears in her eyes, and seemed anxious that her betrayer should be punished for the great wrong he had done her. When she had concluded, she was informed that seduction was not a crime in California, and that her only remedy would be to commence a civil suit against him. She then left the office, and in a few days, unless the matter is compromised there will probably be brought, in one of the District Courts, a suit for breach of promise of marriage.

MATRIMONIAL ADVERTISING.

Several weeks since an advertisement was published by a scapegrace named James Stewart, for a lady correspondent having matrimony in view, giving his address as at No. 2 Amity street, this city. Among the fickle fair ones who responded was a Miss Kate Busheim, a dressmaker, residing with her parents in Toledo, Ohio. Several letters passed between them unknown to the young lady's friends, in which Stewart professed to have great love and affection for her, ending by making a proposition for marriage, which was accepted. Stewart, pleading his business detained him from visiting her for the purpose of having the marriage ceremony performed at Toledo, prevailed upon her to leave her friends and join him in this city, and upon her arrival assured her he would fulfil his promise. Under the pretence of coming to this city to engage in her trade she procured her parents' consent, and left home on the 28th ult. She arrived in this city next day, and was met at the depot by her accidental correspondent, who procured a carriage, and, attending to her baggage, ordered the Jehu to drive to the Spingler House, where he registered his name as "James Stewart and wife, Toledo, Ohio." A room was assigned the young lady, who, after making her toilet, joined her companion in the reception room, and proceeding to the dining room enjoyed a sumptuous repast. After dinner Stewart gained permission to accompany her to her room, when he made a proposition to remain with her all night, which she indignantly refused; but upon being appealed to by the rascal in view of the approaching nuptials on the following day, she finally consented and the two retired. Stewart accomplished her ruin.

On the following morning Stewart, instead of keeping his promise of marriage, cleared out and left her with a hotel bill of seven dollars to pay. The unfortunate woman was in a quandary what to do, as she had no money, nor any friends in the city, and the proprietor of the hotel refused to deliver up her trunk until the board bill was paid. Almost broken hearted she made her way to the Jefferson Market Police Court in the afternoon and related the story of her misfortunes to Sergeant Killilea, who conveyed her to Justice Fowler, acting magistrate, who patiently listened to her pitiful story. As she knew nothing of the rascal who had effected her ruin, nor his whereabouts, the Justice informed her he could do nothing for her. A purse was finally raised to purchase a ticket to send her home to her friends, and return by the same train she had arrived here on the 26th. So, full of anticipation for the future, she left for her home a sadder if not a wiser woman.

THE NICHOLS DIVORCE CASE.—The Nutmegers of Bridgeport have recently had ample food for idle gossip elicited by the divorce suit by A. R. T. Nichols vs. Charlotte B. Nichols, which closed on the 25th ult. Mr. Nichols was from one of the first families of Fairfield, and the wife, whose maiden name was Charlotte B. Beers, was a young heiress of Newtown. The wedding took place in May, 1865, was one of the most brilliant that ever occurred in that section, and was the sensation in social life for a long time after. After a short wedding tour the happy (?) couple went to New York to reside, stopping at the St. Denis Hotel, where the respondent became acquainted with Edward Gebhard, with whom she eloped, going with him to Europe, and with whom she is now living as his wife. In 1869 she obtained by fraudulent means, through the aid of Gebhard and others, a divorce from Nichols in the Supreme Court of New York, which divorce was afterwards set aside by the same court, on the ground that it was obtained by fraud and imposition. In the meantime, however, she and Gebhard had been married, and ever since lived together as man and wife. The petition on which this last decree is founded was brought to the present March term of the Superior Court, and alleges the adultery of the said defendant, her desertion of the petitioner and elopement with Gebhard, her conspiracy to obtain the bogus divorce, the reversal of the same by the same court, for fraud and imposition, and all the other essential facts which make up this singular history. The petition was personally served upon Mrs. Nichols, *alias* Gebhard, but she made no appearance to defend. The facts claimed by the petitioner were all substantiated by oral testimony and a number of depositions and the judgment rolls of the Supreme Court of New York.

A MICHIGAN COUPLE, who had tired of each others' caresses, lately agreed to disagree connubially. The contract being duly signed, the ex-husband forwarded it to the county clerk with the following explanatory note:—"This agreement has been maid and draud up betwixt my Self and Wife and I doant now wether it is corden to law or knot and I want you Sod reCord it if it is lawful and if it is knot draw wot that is."

CHALLENGE TO MUSCULAR CHRISTIANS.

Offer to Back Wm. B. Curtis Against Any Man Living for $10,000.

WHERE ARE THE STRONG MEN?

Some weeks since an article appeared in our columns, giving a sketch of the New York Athletic Club, in connection with which we presented a tabular statement of feats of strength credited to certain members of that organization, as likewise others unconnected therewith. At the head of the list stood Wm. B. Curtis, who was recorded as having elevated a dumb bell weighing 150lbs., lifted 1,230lbs. with the hands alone, and 3,000lbs with the aid of harness, and 4,600lbs. more than any one else is credited with, Dr. Winship having, it is said, lifted 2,900lbs., and Dr. Butts 2,787lbs. with harness. The publication of said article created quite a breeze among those who lay claim to superior muscular ability in this section (as it has doubtless done elsewhere also), and we are informed that the Brooklyn heavy-weight, Pat Kelly, considered that his powers had been underestimated therein. At all events a challenge was published over his signature in an evening paper of this city, offering to make a "test case" in money with Mr. Curtis. To this H. A. Buermeyer, a member of said club, responded on behalf of Curtis (who was absent from the city), and deposited $750 to make a match, leaving the money up for a week. No notice having by that time been taken of Curtis' card of acceptance, the money was withdrawn and Mr. Buermeyer called upon Mr. Kelley in person, when the latter stated that he had never authorized any one to issue a challenge, that it had been done by the reporter on his own responsibility, and that he did not wish to make a match with Curtis. All this naturally had the effect of increasing the warmth of the discussion upon the subject in athletic circles, and with a view to putting an end, once and forever, to the question in dispute, Mr. Buermeyer waited upon us on the 7th inst., and left the challenge which appears below, at the same time placing a deposit of one thousand dollars in our hands to make everything regular. In order that no one may have any plausable excuse for declining to accept this bold deed, or allowing it to pass in silence, the challenger leaves it open for one month from the date of our present issue, which is sufficient time to admit of every one becoming cognizant of it; he likewise expresses a willingness to compete for a suitable prize with any person who may be opposed to staking money upon the issue, so that, if no one comes forward to pick up the gauntlet, Curtis will be fully deserving of the title of "Champion Athlete." However, we trust that some one among those who claim extraordinary physical powers will see fit to back up their pretensions with something more substantial and convincing than mere words, so that the public may be afforded an opportunity of witnessing a competition which cannot but prove highly interesting to all who advocate those exercises which conduce to the development of the human frame. Read the challenge:—

NEW YORK, April 6th, 1870.

FRANK QUEEN.—DEAR SIR.—An article on the New York Athletic Club, in your edition of the 12th ult., containing a list of strong men and their feats of strength, is creating considerable talk among athletic circles, the honor of "Chief" belongs. As no amount of "chin" will settle the question, please insert in your paper the accompanying challenge, to remain open one month from date of your next issue, that want of time may be no excuse for non-acceptance. I will back Curtis *against any man in the world* for a trial of strength at the four following feats, for $2,500 or $5,000 a side:—

1st. Putting up one dumb bell.
2d. Putting up two dumb bells at the same time, one in each hand.
3d. Lifting with hands alone.
4th. Lifting with harness.

Parties accepting the above will name amount, give or take expenses. Horewith I hand you a forfeit of $1,000. The four exercises named are familiar to all athletes, forming almost a perfect test of the strength of the entire body, though if any other or better ones can be suggested they will be considered. Should any one wishing to contest object to wager money, a prize of same value, in form of a piece of plate or other appropriate memorial, will be agreeable. I will wager the same amount that Mr. W. B. Curtis can perform all the feats attributed to the strong men in the article before alluded to. Finally, if Dr. G. B. Winship, Prof. A. H. Butts, or *any other man*, will make a match as harness lifting, I will wager the same amount that Mr. Curtis will take his competitor's *head off*, put him (or any opponent to his weight) on top of it and lift both together. I trust I shall hear from the "muscular Christians" promptly.

Yours respectfully,
H. E. BUERMEYER, 55 Murray st.

BORN UNDER THE FLAG.—A friend sends us the following:—"I noticed in a late issue the subjoined paragraph:—'Mark Smith wrapped his new baby (born in London) in the American flag before it had time to give his first squeak.'

"This reminded me of a story, never before printed, illustrative of the unflagging loyalty or patriotism of one of the theatrical profession. The late D. T. Davenport, known among his friends as 'Nick,' was playing an engagement in St. John's, N. B. His wife was in the condition that those are who love their lords. His brother actors twitted him with the probability of having a child born on British soil. This led to a bet. But 'Nick' was not to be outdone. He sent to Eastport, Maine, sixty miles distant, and received by steamer a basket of American soil. This he placed between the mattress of the bed occupied by his wife, over which he suspended an American flag. In due time the event arrived. 'Nick' won his bet; the child was born 'on American soil and under the American flag.' This beats Mark Smith's performance all hollow."

THE PRIZE RING
OF THE OLDEN TIME,

JACK RANDALL,
THE PRIME IRISH LAD
OR,
THE "NONPAREIL."

His Life, and Battles in the Prize Ring.

HIS SCIENTIFIC BATTLE WITH TURNER

AT CRAWLEY HURST, IN SUSSEX, 32 MILES FROM LONDON, FOR 100 GUINEAS A SIDE, ON SATURDAY, DEC. 4, 1813.

No pugilistic contest since the days of Humphries and Mendoza—Tom Belcher and Dutch Sam—and Cribb and Molineaux, it appears, so unmistedly excited the interest of the sporting world, as the battle between Randall and Turner; in fact, many of the oldest fanciers assert that, in point of betting and staking, there is nothing like it upon record.

The ages of the men differ but little; Turner was born of Welch parents in London, November 2, 1791; and Randall, also in London, of Irish parents, November 25, 1794. The latter was in height 5 feet 6 inches, and Turner was also in height 5 feet 7 inches; their weight nearly alike. For weeks previous to the fight the sporting houses were crowded every evening, and upon the day being finally settled, the interest increased rapidly. The coddlers had no chance to reach the place of action, and even spare rosinantes, hacks, and ragged drays, were not to be seen upon the road, for it was a bang-up set out altogether. Great numbers of the female sex viewed the fight. At a quarter before one o'clock Randall appeared in the ring and threw up his hat, attended by his seconds, Tom Oliver and Whels, greeted with loud cheers, and in a few minutes afterwards Turner threw up his hat in turn, and Owen and Richmond waited upon him, amidst the loudest acclamations from the populace. Twelve to eight upon Randall.

Round 1. It is impossible to describe the anxiety impressed upon the countenance of the amateurs on the combatant shaking hands. The attitudes of both the men were interesting to the admirers of pugilism, and neither of them seemed wanting in condition. They eyed each other with all the acute precision of fencing masters, and seemed positively to look into each other's hearts. It was dodging, dodging, and dodging again, and five minutes had elapsed before a blow had been made, touching the toes of each other all the time. (The champion of England here roared out, who was employed in beating out the ring, "What, five minutes and no blow?") At length, after some feints, Turner hit first, when the prime Irish boy laughed and got away. The latter, however, was not long in making a return, and he gave Turner a jawer and a ribber, but not heavily. More feints and dodging. Turner hit short with his right hand, when Randall rushed in and went to work. He tried to fib his opponent upon his old favorite system and a severe struggle took place for the throw. Both down, but Turner undermost. Great shouting from the partisans on both sides.

2. The same caution was manifest on both sides on commencing this round, and long sparring again occurred. Randall gave a beller and got away, he was not long in repeating it and adding a facer. Long sparring. Turner endeavored to give a tremendous hit with his left hand, but Jack was leary, and jumped back two yards. Very long sparring; in fact, it appeared so tedious to those who were only fond of downright milling, that many persons called out, "When shall we get home?" Turner, with much dexterity, put in a good hit between Randall's guard. (Great applause—"Go it Neddy.") The latter gave two facers, and plunged his way to work. The finish of this round was truly severe, fibbing and struggling till both went down. Twenty minutes had elapsed.

3. The mouth of Turner seemed to show some tinge of the claret, but there was doubt about it. He, however, appeared to breathe very quick, and rather distressed. The tactics of both the men were equally of the first order of scientific, and it was a treat to the eye, as declared by most of the old amateurs; in fact, it was expressed as "beautiful." Indeed, both of the men were so well prepared, that if the slightest mistake was made it was not overlooked, and this may account for the extreme caution on both sides. Randall had received a milling like such a customer to deal with before, and Turner had no borer-in to beat off hand. This round took thirteen minutes, and the pauses were so unusually long that some of the jokers advised Tom Owen to have a pipe. Cribb where, for his night cap and tassel of pepper. Old Celeb advised them to go to work and hit each other's nobs off! After numerous feints, the round was finished well, Turner undermost, and Randall fell over him rather awkwardly upon his neck. 25 to 10 was offered on the latter.

4. From the style of fighting displayed by both of the combatants it was evident it must prove a long fight. Both anxious and on the look out not to give half a chance away. Randall put in two body blows. Turner's left hand also told on his opponent's mouth. The hitting and stopping on both sides was masterly. Turner's nose was now bleeding copiously, and Randall's face was pinked. Both down. (Shouts of applause.)

5. In this round Randall took the lead, he fibbed his opponent severely and then fell upon him heavily in going down. "Well done, Jack, that's the way to win it."

6. To attempt to describe minutely the feints, the pauses, dodgings, &c., would fill a volume, and therefore we must confine ourselves to an explicit but short epitome. Randall spit some blood out of his mouth, when Turner's left hand caught his opponent's nose and the claret ran down into his mouth. (Owen vociferated, "I'll have Turner for £100," and "Bravo, Neddy.") A very long pause ensued, and it almost seemed that neither of the combatants wished to make a hit, so much caution was used. Fifty minutes had elapsed. Turner made a tremendous hit with his left hand, but Randall stopped its effect with fine skill. An exchange of blows. Turner aimed to do something with his right and left hands, but the blows were slight. Randall got away, sucking up his blood, which appeared rather troublesome to him, from his nose. Trifling exchanges. Turner seemed tired and put down his arms, but they were soon up again on Randall offering to hit. Turner threw two blows away when Randall put in a severe body blow. Another long pause. Randall now put down his hands, just for a moment's ease, when Turner ran in, not to lose an opportunity, but Randall laughed and was prepared for him in an instant. Long pause. Several feints, but no hitting. (Owen called out for a chair, that he might sit down, to view these scientific men.) Randall put in a heavy body blow, but got a sharp header in return. Turner seemed to be changing his mode of attack and trying all for the body. (Loud cries of "Go to work," from all parts of the ring.) Turner stopped a heavy hit. The latter was nearly at the ropes, when the spectators cried out "That's not fair, Jack, to get him into a corner." Turner, however, hit Randall on the head, and also endeavored again to use his left hand with success, but Randall stopped him. Some fine science was again displayed, and in struggling for the throw Randall was undermost. Turner was now bleeding copiously, and the claret was running down from Randall's nose. A great burst of applause at the close of this long round, and "Well done both," from all parts of the ring.

7. This was a tremendous round, and Turner seemed much distressed in coming to the scratch. After a few exchanges, Randall closed, and went sharply to work on the weaving system, till they both went down.

8. This was also a fighting round, and Turner's left hand got into his opponent's face, but Randall in turn put in a sharp bodier. In closing, Turner was thrown.

9. When time was called, Turner was about to commence play on Randall's side of the ring, when the latter said, "Keep your own side." This was a gallant round, and both fibbed each other in turn. In going down, Randall had the best of the fall.

10. This round was full of science, the hitting and stopping on both sides being of the finest order of the art. Turner complained that Randall had trod heavily upon his toe, and said, "Do you call that fair, Jack?" Randall, in reply, answered, "I did not." In struggling for the throw, Turner threw Randall over him. "Bravo, Turner—you are not beat yet!") Two hours had now elapsed.

11. Turner astonished the ring by his coming up so cheerfully, and some of the good judges did not know what to think of it, they argued, and that it was not altogether so safe as many might imagine. Randall planted a slight hit and slipped down.

12. Turner was at the scratch and hit Randall right and left, but they were not heavy. Sparring—Randall gave a second knockdown blow. Tumultuous applause. And some of the paddies singing out for joy, "Twas on a sweet May morning," &c.) Randall looked at his fallen foe and stepped down, winking to his friends, as it were, that he thought it all right.

27. This was a well-fought round and Turner put in some good hits. In going down, Randall was undermost. At this stage of the battle, upwards of two hours having elapsed, it was truly extraordinary to witness such exertions on both sides. Turner hit Randall right away from him, but the latter followed Turner up till a terrible struggle took place in closing. Turner also stopped a severe blow aimed at him by Randall, and in return he planted a sharp hit on the Nonpareil's jaw.

28. Turner again nobbed his opponent with his left hand, but he was floored from a tremendous body hit. The paddies were now outrageous in their shouting, and "It's all your own, Jack. Only one more such, and the battle is over." The Taffies now looked rather blue, and long faces were the order of the day amongst them.

29. Notwithstanding the heavy flooring hit Turner experienced in the last round, he came to the scratch as good as a gentleman. Turner also commenced fighting, and endeavored to do some execution with his left hand, but Randall stopped him. In a close, both down. Two hours and ten minutes had expired.

30. Turner, at the knee of his second first, and quite satisfied the ring that the fight was not out of him. He made some good exchanges, till both went down.

31. The face of Turner was dreadful—it was one mass of claret—but his courage was good, and he fought as cool as if he had only commenced the fight. "Take him away—he's too game," was the cry. "He's an ancient Briton," says Tom Owen; "we won't lose it, he's only got a scratch upon his face." "He's an honor to his country," exclaimed a gallant Irish Colonel. "And here's the tight little Irish boy," observed Tom Oliver. "Both Nonpareils," from all parts of the ring. Turner was again floored from a severe hit in the body. In this round a circumstance occurred which might have proved the overthrow of Randall, if it had not been prevented. Baxter offered to bet 25 upon Turner, when Oliver warmly observed that he would lay him £10 to £5 three times over, and was leaving his man to come and stake, but he was called upon by Randall's patron not to quit his corner on any account. Jem Belcher just the fight with Cribb in consequence of his second staking the money, thus giving time for Cribb to recover his wind.

32. The brave Turner, undismayed, again met his man, but went down from a blow. While on his second's knee, he was advised to give in, but his manly heart would not suffer him to say NO; his tongue refused its utterance.

33. The state of Turner now appeared so piteous, that the bravery so much the praise of the spectators, that several persons cried out—"Do not let him fight any more." "Don't say that, gentlemen," replied Owen; "he is worth twenty beaten men!" Turner, however, would have frown'd in face.

34 and last. The admiration of all the persons present was extressed in viewing Turner again come to the scratch; and, although in a state of exhaustion, yet fought cool, collected, and as game as a pebble. After the close of this round, the Irish side of Turner's head looked him, that he could not come to time. Two hours, nineteen minutes and thirty seconds had elapsed.

The first act of Randall, on being pronounced the victor, was to push the crowd away from him and to clasp the hand of his fallen brave foe, with much real and friendship; while Turner, nobly disdaining animosity, gently patted the prime Irish boy on his back; in token that he was the better man and had won the battle nobly and in gallant style. The amateurs applauded both of them, and pronounced them the two best bits of stuff, of their weight, in the country.

Turner, on being repeatedly urged to give it in, indignantly spurned such advice, asserting that he could yet win the battle. His brother (Mr. Baxter) at length insisted that he should fight no longer, which put an end to the contest. On victory being declared in favor of Randall, Turner was immediately carried from the ground by Sutton, in a very distressed state, to a neighboring farm house, put to bed, and every attention and assistance administered to his wants that humanity could suggest. It is well known that heavy as the blows were, added to the extremity of pain he must have felt from the severity of punishment he had received, were "trifles light as air," in comparison to the anguish of defeat. He was very ill, but complained most of the body blows. Randall, in the course of the Saturday evening, arrived in town, anxious to meet his better-half and son, the latter about two years old.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

C. W. WHITMAN.—The books and note safely to hand. Many thanks for the match games. Will shortly write to London.

CHAS. A. GILBERG.—Note duly received; simultaneously with this we reply by mail.

C. W. STONE.—As good as anything in English is "Frere's Chess Handbook," published by T. W. Strong. But, if you can read German, far better is Neumann's "Schachspiel und seine Akteure"—besides a great deal other new and valuable matter, whether you can read much German or not.

H. HOSMER.—Welcome again; the game shall have due attention.

CHAS. FOSTER.—Your most elaborate effort, or "re Enig. 702, has been "interviewed" and forwarded to Leipsic. Sixty-five variations and 782 moves in all! The like never was before seen in Chess.

CHESS BOOKS.—To those wishing to enrich their Chess libraries we would say we have now in our possession a lot of foreign—mostly French and German—works, of which we will send a list on inquiry and a bibliographical description of such as especially attract attention.

Corrections of Alexandre.—No. 30.

BY R. B. C.

PROBLEM No. 110.—D'ORVILLE.

The Black Rook on Q R 4th is evidently an intruder; but after its removal mate can be given in two moves. The following is a corrected version, with the addition of a variation:—

WHITE.—King at Q B 5; Queen at her B 4; Rook at K R 6; Bishops at K R 4th, and K 2d.

BLACK.—King at his 4; Queen at K B 2; Rook at Q R 3; Bishop at K Kt sq; Knights at K 7, and K Kt 6th.

White to play and give mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 114.

For "D'Orville," read D'Orville.

PROBLEM No. 113.—IDEM.

See note on No. 82.

PROBLEM No. 116.—IDEM.

WHITE—King at Q R sq; Queen at her B sq; Knights at Q Kt 5, and K 5; Pawns at Q 2, and K B 3d.

BLACK.—King at Q 4th.

White mates in three moves.

May be neatly solved as follows:—1...P to Q 4; 2...Q to K Kt 5; 3...Q to Kt 5, mate. For "Mai en 3," read—"*Mat en 3, avec un pion.*"

PROBLEM No. 117.—IDEM.

WHITE.—King at Q sq; Queen at K B 6; Knights at K 4, and K Kt 2; Pawn at K 5.

BLACK.—King at Q 4th.

White mates in three moves.

Compare the "Second Position" of Staunton's "Chess Player's Handbook," by an "Amateur of Indis":—

WHITE.—King at Q B sq; Queen at her 2; Knights at Q B 3, and 4; Pawns at Q B 2, and K 5th.

BLACK.—King at Q Kt 5; Pawn at K 3d.

White mates in three moves.

(With No. 119 compare No. 82; and No. 121 is identical with No. 90.)

PROBLEM No. 122.—D'ORVILLE.

For "*Ma en 3*, read "*Mat en 3, avec le pion.*" This change in the conditions is necessary to prevent mate being given in several ways in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 123.—W. H. BONE.

WHITE.—King at his 5; Queen at her K 2; Pawn at Q 3d.

BLACK.—King at Q 5th.

White mates in three moves.

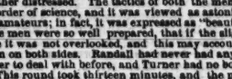
A simple but remarkable illustration of mate in the middle of the board. The imitations of this position are very numerous.

TO BE CONTINUED.

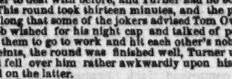
Enigma No. 715.

"A masterpiece of Chess strategy."—*Dr. Bayer*

BY S. LOYD.



at his R sq, her B 4, K B 8, K B 7th.



at his R sq, Q B 8, K Kt 2, K Kt 5, K R 2d.

White to play and give mate in three moves.

Problem No. 715.

BY A. E. H.

WHITE.

BLACK.

Black to play and give mate in four moves.

Game No. 715.

The closing *partie* of the late "Chessmen Tourney" in the Brooklyn Chess Club.

GIUOCO PIANO.

Attack, Gilberg.	Defence, Brenzinger.	Attack, Gilberg.	Defence, Brenzinger.
1...P to K 4	P to K 4	19...Q × K B	Q to K 3
2...K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	20...Q R-Q sq (d)	K Kt-Q 4
3...K B-B 4	K B-B 4	21...Q-her 4	Q × K P +
4...P-Q B 3	K Kt-B 3	22...K-his R sq	Q × Q
5...P-Q 4	K P × P	23...Q R × Q	P-Q B 3
6...B P × P	K B-Kt 3	24...P-Q Kt 3	Q R-K sq
7...P-K 5	P-Q 3	25...K R-Q 2	K R-K 5
8...K Kt-B 3	Q-K 2	26...K-his R 2	Q B-Q 4
9...P-K R 3	P-K R 3	27...P-Q Kt 4	Q R-K 5
10...Castles	Castles	28...K R-Q 2	Q R × R
11...Q B-K 3	Q Kt-K 2	29...K R × R	K × R
12...K Kt × P	Q Kt-Q 4	30...R-Q 8 +	K-his B 2
13...Q-her 2	Q B-K 3	31...R-Q Kt 8	P-Q Kt 4
14...K B-Q 3 (a)	Q Kt × B	32...R-Kt 7 +	K-Kt 3
15...P × Kt (b)	K B × P	33...R-B 7 +	K-R 4
16...Kt × B P (c)	K R × Kt	34...P-K Kt 4	P-K Kt 5
17...Q B-Kt 6	K B × Kt	35...K-Kt 2 (e)	Kt-B 6 *dis* +
18...B × K B +	Q B × B	36...K-B 2	Kt-R 7 and, after a few moves, Kt, Gilberg resigns, his esteemed honors, his antagonist winning the Chinese Chessmen, the prime object of controversy.

Notes—by Mr. Brenzinger.

(a) This move was not well considered; it loses at least a Pawn, and gives the Defence the better game.

(b) Obviously he could not take Kt with Q.

(c) Again the Attack does not play correctly. B to R 7 +, and then P × K, would have been better.

(d) Seems entirely demoralized; this loses a 2d P.

(e) R to R sq looks to be the only move to save Q Kt P a few moves longer.

CHEQUERS.

Game No. 2.—Vol. XVIII.

"CROSS."

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1...11 to 15	23 to 18	14...8 to 9	14 to 7
2...8 11	24 20	15...10 17	17 13
3...4 8	28 24	16...10 14	13 6
4...12 16	32 28	17...1 10	20 25
5...8 12	27 24 (a)	18...14 17 (c)	26 21
6...8 12	24 19	19...7 11	25 18
7...15 24	28 19	20...11 15	20 11
8...7 10	22 17	21...15 24	11 7
9...13 18	19 9	22...10 19	7 3
10...13 22	26 18	23...15 10 (d)	25 16
11...6 13	21 17	24...12 19	2 7
12...13 22	26 17	25...19 23	17 14
13...2 6	14 (b)		White wins.

(a) Anything else loses. (b) The best move on the board. (c) 11 to 16 will not save the game. (d) Hopelessly lost.

Solution of Position No. I.—Vol. XVIII.

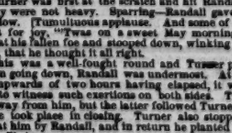
BY E. E. BEARD.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1...22 to 18	23 to 14	4...11 to 15	28 to 24
2...27 to 31	31 to 26	5...6 11	24 19
3...15 19	24 15	6...2 7, and wins.	

Position No. 3, Vol. 18.

BY R. B. REYS.

BLACK.



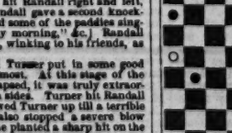
WHITE.

White to move and win.

Position No. 4, Vol. 18.

BY D. MOXIE.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

Anecdote of Sol Smith on his Travels.

* * * We next proceeded to Paris, Ky., and opened with the "Honeymoon." I observed a countryman enter the theatre before the candles were lit, and place himself on the front bench near the centre. Presently, as the audience began to congregate he became surrounded by ladies, who seated themselves each side of him. He did not turn his eyes to the right or the left, but kept them fixed on the performers. When I came on as the Mock Duke, I observed him sitting in the manner described, with his face leaning on both his hands. When I seated myself to hear the complaint of Juliana against her husband, he and I were not more than three feet apart, facing each other. He leaned further forward than usual, straining his eyes to take a still closer view of my features; all of a sudden, as if he had become convinced of some very important fact, jumped up, and striking his hands together with great force, exclaimed aloud—"I'll be d—d if it's wax!" The uproar this occasioned among the audience caused my gentleman to look round—he seemed to be sensible for the first time where he was; his indicrous appearance on making this discovery made the people laugh still the more, till it increased into a real *Kentucky yell*, and the uproar did not subside till the cause of this mirth made a retreat.

While performing the same play at Port Gibson, in 1829, when the Duke, in answer to a knock at the door, bids his wife to "see who it is that knocks," a gentleman who happened to be standing near the stage door, very composedly opening it and peeping out, turned round to the Duke and answered:—"*It is nobody but one of the actors.*"

In Nicholsonville, a few weeks afterwards, we were performing the farce of "Lover's Quarrels." The theatre was in the ball-room, and the landlord was in the habit of going *behind the scenes* to witness the performance on account of *his belonging to the church*, he did not choose to be seen in front. In the first scene, when Carlos was making a present of his watch, purse, &c., to Jacinta, for her good news, I (as Sancho) advised him to save something to pay his board. At this moment our religious landlord popped his head on the stage and said, "Mr. Smith, don't mind your board—go on with the play just as you would; if you haven't the money at the end of the week, I will wait." He was honored with a thundering round of applause and he backed out, overwhelmed with his reception.

BASE BALL.

A CHAPTER ON BATTING.

The new rules of the game governing the delivery of the ball to the batsman, which are to be observed this season, necessitate a few words of advice in reference to the style of batting they will call for, and in connection with this subject it will not be out of place to allude to that style of handling the ash in base ball which really constitutes good batting.

Base Ball is no longer a mere game for fun and exercise only, though, of course, it is as much available for those simple objects as ever; but the rules have been so much improved, and so much has been done to afford a field for the full development of all the manly attributes of pluck, endurance, nerve, activity and courage in the practice of the game, that it is time that rules should be laid down calculated also to develope the mental powers requisite to fully excel in the game, as have been in regard to the physical powers. Let us see, then, what a player has to study in his mind as to what he has to do when he takes bat in hand to assume the offensive in a contest for the palm of superiority. Of course his main object is to score a run, but there is something to be considered besides the mere fact of obtaining the run, and that is to secure it with the least fatigue. If the batsman hits the ball over the heads of the out-fielders he gets his run at once, but at what cost? Why, at the expense of *running one hundred and twenty yards at his utmost speed*; the result being that he arrives home out of breath and entirely unfit for further play without rest. If this were continued by each player in each innings the result would be that the strongest nine would be broken down before they had got through half the game. Now, if this style of batting is correct in one case it is in all; but it is not skilful batting at all, for it is specially characteristic of the least skilful class of players in the whole fraternity, viz., the "Muffins;" for this class of batsmen can hit balls for "home runs" just as well as first nine players can. Again, too, given a party of muscular men, with long, heavy bats and a lively, elastic ball, and the game they play is simply a contest as to which can make the most home runs from heavy hitting, while in such games skilful fielding—which is the attractive feature of base ball—is of but little account. The science of batting, in fact, lies in that skilful use of the bat which yields the batsman his first base without any extra effort in running. In order to attain this result, however, he must bring his brains into play so as to outwit his opponents, by sending the ball to the field with as little expenditure of force as necessary, but in such a manner as to render it nearly impossible for the fielders to field it either on the fly or to return it in time to put players out on the bases. Suppose each player of the nine were to secure his first base on his hit every time he went to the bat the result would be that five runs would be scored, and three men would be on the bases when the ninth man went to the bat; and these runs, moreover, would have been obtained without any fatigue, and each man at the close of the innings would be as ready for fielding as if he had not run a base. But suppose, instead, that the first five players had scored home runs from long hits to the outer field, no more runs would have been scored than in the first instance; but instead, there would have been five men half used up by their violent running, and so fatigued as to be unfit to go to the field without a good rest. But it is unnecessary to argue the question further; suffice it to say, that the fraternity in general now recognize that style of batting which secures the first base by "clean" hits the greatest number of times as the only true criterion of skilful and scientific play at the bat. And here let us say a few words on the subject of securing bases on hits. A batsman makes "a base on a hit" when he secures the first base from a hit which sends the ball in either fair or foul ground, or if he hit so that it cannot be stopped and fielded to the base in time to put the player out, or so as to send it towards any one of the infielders without their being able to reach it. The batsman does *not* make a base on a hit, however, when he sends up a high ball and gives a *chance* for a catch—whether taken or not it does not matter so long as the chance is offered—nor when a ball is hit to any one of the infielders, and it is palpably muffed; or if in such case it be fielded well but badly thrown to the baseman; or if it be both fielded and thrown well but not held by the baseman; or if two fielders hesitate as to which man shall field the ball and the striker in the interim makes his base, or if a ball be fielded to put a player out on second or third or home base, who is "forced" off, for in all such cases the fielder can as readily put out a player at first base as at the base he may deem it a point of play to throw to. In all these instances the striker makes his base either by the errors of his opponents in the field, or at the expense of the base runner he forces off, and in each instance he is to be charged with obtaining a base by an error. Neither should a base be credited to the batsman who gets his base owing to the excessive elasticity of the ball in rebounding over the head of the in-fielder, for it is not his batting skill which enables him to make his base, but the extra quantity of rubber in the ball. All balls hit "fair," and yet so close to the foul line and so near home base as to be difficult to get at in time, are to be credited as yielding a base on the hit. A hard hit ball, sent direct to the pitcher, and which he *stops* but cannot field in time, also gives a base on a hit. All these instances refer to the earning of the first base by skilful or poor batting, and in regard to judging of this class of "bases on hits," the scorer will have very little difficulty in judging correctly whether the base has been earned or given. In regard to the total number of bases earned, however, it is far more difficult to form a correct estimate. The chances for errors by which the second and third bases can be made on hits are greatly multiplied, and hence the difficulty of judging is greater. For instance, the batsman may have earned his first base cleanly, and by a hit which, with sharp running, might also have given him his second, but by a misdirected throw to the wrong quarter he may be afforded a chance to make his third on the same ball, thereby apparently earning two bases by his hit, if not three; when, in reality, he had earned but one. In judging of the total bases on hits, or whether the batsman has earned more than his first base, the scorer should take into consideration the character of the hit, and only give the number of bases which the hit certainly yielded, and not the number it yielded from lack of efficient fielding. Certainly no ball sent to any in-fielder can yield more than the first base, and very frequently ground balls sent to intelligent and active out-fielders only allow a single base being earned. "Ground" or "bounding" balls sent near the foul ball line and to the out-field, however, invariably yield two bases and sometimes three, if sharply hit.

THE FOREST CITY CLUB, OF CLEVELAND.

A correspondent, writing from Cleveland, sends us the following interesting gossip about the crack club of Cleveland:—

The Forest City Club's arrangements for the season of 1870 are at present in an unsettled state; however, I can give you an outline of base ball prospects in this vicinity. The Forest Cities will present a stronger nine than ever heretofore, and one that will make it interesting for *any* club that may happen this way. I noticed in your biographies of the leading clubs of the country that the Forest Cities were termed a *professional club*. To a certain extent they were last season, having had *three* paid men in the nine the remainder of the nine being *amateur* hired. This season it is the intention to have more of a professional nine, retaining, however, some home talent. Jas. Hall, our old catcher, has bought better out of the "revolving business," having decided to remain true to his colors. He has refunded money advanced him by the "Chicago" club, and will be heard from in the Forest City nine the coming season. White has also refunded money to people for services, and it is to be hoped others will follow suit in standing by their *contracts*. White will probably remain behind the bat, where he is *par excellence* with the exception of his throwing, although there is talk of R

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

Clipper Post Office.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be enclosed for each and every letter sent for. Where there are two or more persons of like name in the profession, the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

LADIES' LIST.

Ayre, Edonna
Armstrong, Carrie
Booth, Josie
Colton, Mrs. H.
Collins, Annie (4)
Clifton, Lucy
Dunham, Miss K. M.
Geraldine, M'lle.
Howard, Victoria
Hartley, Madeline
Howson, Clelia
Hall, Mrs. J. Clinton
Ingersoll, Dollie
Kelly, Mrs. Edwin L.
Le Favre, Lizzie
Langley, Lottie
Macart Sisters (3)
Price, Jennie W.
Pennoyer, Kate
Quigley, Jennie
Raymond, Kate
Stewart, Addie
Sackett, Millie
Sloan, Hattie
Taylor, Nellie
Woodruff, Mary
Williams, Mollie
Wood, Aggie
Weston, Flora
Worrell, Sophia
Zoel, Marie

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Amateur (3)
Armstrong, G. F.
Abrahams, Fred. (3)
Austin, Wm.
Birch, Johnny
Bryce, Jas. M.
Booger, Fred
Blood, Harry
Bean, Frank
Berry, J. S.
Brink, E. H.
Bowman, Harris & Co.
Barras, Chas.
Bishop, Gonsalvo
Conard, P. F.
Campbell, Johnny
Carleton, Wm.
Cooke, Sydney (2)
Cole, Sam
Colton, Frank
Curtis, Isaac
Converse, Frank B.
Clarke, Charley
Collins, O. B.
Campbell, J. C.
Colton, Billy
Cobb, Willis
Corelli, Chas.
Chase, C. C.
Castello, Geo.
De Haven, Geo. W.
Davies, H. Rees
Donaldson, Wash.
Dunn, John
Draper, W. H.
Dutton, R.
Dowling, Joe J.
Edwards, Geo. H.
Emerson, Wm. (2)
Edeson, Geo. R.
Ernst, Adolph
Fyffe, Chas. J.
Faranta, Sig. (2)
Fuselli, Francis
Frost, Hyatt
Fostelle
Firth, Edwin (2)
Francis, Sig.
Fiynes, Charley
Forrester, W. C.
Oates, Jas.
Ogden, D'Orsay (2)
Parlett, Edwd. (5)
Power, Geo.
Parmenter, H. E.
Peckham, Geo. E.
Paul, Howard
Power, Wm. H.
Richard, Chas. H.
Robinson, Yankee (4)
Reeves, E.
Rubini, Sig.
Roberts, N. D.
Russell, Sol. Smith
Raymond, John
Slocum, Chas. T.
Stephens, Dr.
Sweatman, W. P. (2)
St. Leon, Harry
Sanford, Mr.
Stowe, John
Strickland, Jno. S.
Swinburn, John
Stewart, J. C.
Smith, Joseph P.
Showers, Andy
Turner, Jim
Trewalla, A. P.
Touchstone
Taylor, Jas.
Thompson, Sid.
Viola, F.
Victorelli, Henry
Ward, J.
Whilli, Richd.
Washburn, E. S.
White, Chas.
Williams, Dave
Wagner, J.
Withers, Wm.
Williamson, J. A.
Willis, Wm. L.
Wilson, Geo. W.
Williams, Barney
Williams, E.
Wheatley & Cushing
Watt, R.
Wing, Chas. A.
Wheeler, Ben
Wilson, G. H. M.
Webb, Judd

Introductory Overture.

MONDAY, April 11, 1870.

THIS is holy week, but we much fear that it will not be kept very holy by the residents of this sinful and corrupt city. Our theatrical managers must not look for heavy receipts, however, for the churches will monopolize, to a certain extent, many of the play-going community, because it is the wind-up of the Lenten season, and it is necessary to be *seen* at church at least once a year, if we are of no use at any other time; so the theatres, the minstrel opera houses and the variety halls must suffer a little, and managers must abstain, for the time being, from cursing their evil stars, and repent them of their sins for this time only, in broadcloth and hashes.....We have had a jolly and exciting week of it. First we had a real, old-fashioned snow storm, which made our pious managers blaspheme more than usual, in so far as it came just before opening time on Monday evening, and thousands of dollars were kept at home which otherwise might have found their way into the coffers of the "managerial ring;" but *its no* good to complain now. And then came news of the passage of our new city charter, our old ship of state, which had previously been up for *sale or charter*, having thereby made a very *good* passage; rockets, cannon, whiskey, and other fireworks were brought into play in honor of Tweed and other gentlemen of that cloth, and great was the rejoicing of the boys, who made the "welkin ring" in honor of the political ring. Next came the opening scene of the McFarland trial, and as spicy developments were looked for, in the shape of love letters, tender scenes of amorous passion, and all that sort, the court house—as theatrical critics are in the habit of saying—"was crowded from pit to dome, and hundreds turned away unable to gain admittance." And the scene in court was not unlike a dramatic representation, there were the players in the persons of Messrs. Hackett, Garvin, Graham, Spencer, Davis, McFarland and the twelve unfortunate jurymen to represent the "most potent, grave and reverend seigneurs;" these gentlemen, by the way, look more like prisoners than the party on trial. Then came Friday, and that brought thousands of people to the portals of "Tombs," within the walls of which an unfortunate human being was to "be hanged by the neck until he be dead." It seems almost natural for mankind to gloat over the misfortunes of others, to witness the struggles of a strangling fellow being, and to be in at the death, no matter how horrible the end may be. But "hanging for murder in New York is no longer played out" in the public streets, as it used to be in former years, when the terrible spectacle was gotten up as a free show, and the populace repaired to the scene of execution as though they were going to a merry making, instead of witnessing a malefactor make a compulsory leap into death and eternity. The mob outside the city prison waited patiently, until near ten o'clock, when, "hark from the Tombs a doleful sound" told the knell of a departed soul, and away rushed the anxious throngs to break the tidings to others who were not so fortunate as to have been near the place of execution to get the dreadful news from the lips of the droppings of the gallows. And then we had still another show, this time a free exhibition, in the shape of a procession of "the colored troops who fought bravely" during the war, and their co-laborers in the regeneration and redemption of a race from bondage; this fuss and parade was in celebration of the "Fifteenth Amendment;" but it looked out of place "to a man up a tree" to see white musicians playing for Fifteenthers, and white men driving them, which was quite another sort of driving to that which many of them were accustomed to "down on the old plantation." Truly to them "the year of jubilo" has come, and well might they exclaim in their enthusiasm:—

"Run and tell Elijah to hurry up Pomp,
And meet us at the gum tree down by the swamp,
And wake Nichodemus to-day."

.....There has been a divorce case going on in one of the London courts, and when the cable flashed the result to us that one of them "had got it," and that one of the parties in the matrimonial tie, the suit was connected with the Lydia Thompson *suits*, everybody was anxious to learn who the female "fellah" was, for if there is anything the American people delight in it is scandal, criminal conversation, etc.; and we say this out of no disrespect to the American people, for we are one of them, and equally guilty with the rest, for cry as they will against divorce suits and the like tender gushings, just as we do after the full details of the latest "brutal prize fight," the last dying speech of "the man that was hung," the very freshest particulars of an atrocious murder, and such like beautiful family reading. Take a pious father of a religious family, give that pious parent the morning paper containing a first class seduction case, a real horrible murder, and in the most bloodthirsty style, and then, and a beautiful sermon by one of our most eminent divines, and you may bet a "horse to a hen," yea, the White House at Washington to Mickey Free's shanty over in Jersey, that the pious father will "go through" the first from beginning to end, and "wade in" to the deepest depths of the murder before he will deign to waste a moment in discarding the sermon; for, reader, if you are a newspaper, it, pious reader, you cannot deny it, advocates of moral reform. But what we are driving at is this: One of the witnesses in the Watkins divorce suit referred to, in giving his evidence, said that long, fair hair was seen upon the face and coat of the man after a woman had been there, and this woman, they alleged, must have been the fair haired Lydia. Now, if this testimony were admitted as conclusive evidence of a man's guilt, long hair, or any other colored hair, found upon a man's coat, is to be taken as proof of his guilt, where, we would like to know, is there an innocent man, and who amongst us "shall escape whipping?" For are we not all liable, in these days of fashionable extravagance in hair dressing, to get a stray lock or two of our sister's, or some other fellah's sister's hair upon us, wafted by some gentle zephyr, and not in the regular way? Eh? It won't do, and we are glad to find that the noble judge took a proper view of it, and decided that the mere fact of a long fair hair being found upon the man's face and coat was not conclusive evidence that Lydia Thompson had been there.....And, talking about women, it is said that a young lady, a public performer, recently lost her voice from the effects of the sulphur used in making the lights for *Sardanapalus*, which she took part, "Our Jim," who seems to have a great dread of the female voice, says "this here will be a good pint for husbinds to kno hoom has cacklin wives."..... We will now compose a verse on the subject of the poor player, who, we are sorry to say, does not live so sweetly off the stage as the gilded paraphernalia of the theatre would denote him to exist on it.

STAR OF THE EVENING.

All actors do not live alike—
Good ones from care are free—
Indifferent actors often feel
The pangs of poverty;
Out of employ they often are,
With not a cent in hand—
Small risk a star or star-ving runs;
It's always at command.

Is it as good as you thought it would be? Sometimes we get off such squibs just as easy as an old shoe—if you can understand the comparison, and then again—— However, as Mister Shakespeare says, "every dorg must have his day," but that must not be taken as calling the indulgent reader a dog.....We think the ventriloquist at Tammany would shine to much better advantage in another sphere; in fact, he would prove a valuable acquisition to a first class circus, he's such a capital Jester; and although he is engaged as a hand to talk for Tammany, he also has a hand that talks for him; so honors, as the sports say, are easy.....There's another curiosity on its travels, though not altogether new; it's the "horse with his head where his tail ought to be." This horse head affair draws very well in country towns, but it does not go down so well in cities where the people are clever in discovering sells, having had a good deal of experience in being sold, by the way, before they become experts. "Our Jim," who got "taken in" by this horse exhibition while "in the country" once upon a time—isn't it queer that New Yorkers will persist in calling Philadelphia the country?—proposes to furnish our readers with a recipe for making horses with heads where their tails ought to be, and then every man can be his own showman. This is Jim's

CUREEAS HORS MAKIN RESSERPER.
BY "OUR JIM."

Fust git a hors—fur yer carnt doe nuthin without a hors in this heer *biz*—it doant make no differun wot kind of a animel it is, so as it's a hors; you kin git a be, or a gra, or a blak, or a spotted wun; a spotted creecher wud do best probly, cos them's the sort the yuse for surkuses and shose like them thare; but the beest must hav a bed, likewise, to, a tale; it won't wurk if yu git a hors without no tales nor heds, becors then yu carnt make the sho; doant yu git no leskin horses if yu carnt help it; but if thare haint nun that yu kin git with tales that keek, jest the tales go rother than git a keeker, cos it isn't always that pepils goo for the tales, so to speke. Havin' assured yure hors, next git a stabil to put him into it, fur without no stabil yu carnt make the sho wurk rite; and in byin' a stabil doant yu git nun without no stor into it, if yu plese; hav yure stor just big enuff to take in the beest; yu hav ori the ballitate ov the stabil to take in the rest of the pepil, pertikelin the sho drors; yu now hav yure spotted livin hors, yure reel stabil, and yure stor. (*Reader*—Doan't yu put no trof into yure stor, nyther doan't hav no otes into it—horses is orful shinee wen the sun rises, and wosn't never stand without hitchin' if the km git at em—thare's bewair uv otes.) Yu must nex git a lot uv pictoreal sho bills printed, but doan't put no hors onto it, cors that thare wud spile the hole exherebishin, I warnt yu to no, as I'le xplane bime by, ma be. So fer so good; nex git a blowpipe to man with stans at the stabil doors, and see, sis he—"Wark in, ladees and genis, an see the gratest exherebishin yu ever seen—a live hors with his hed ware his tale ort to be—wark in and se it—ort for ten sents." Doant make it moren ten, becors that thare's enuf to sel a pursin fur. Wot yu've got to du now is, put a big, flamin advertisemmit into the CLIPPER, turme kash, and pa fur it in advants; an tel the man if he give yu and yure hors a put, yule let him in without chargin him nuthin; this is a good plan; with most ori papers the more yu let a man in to se yure curesous hors, the more pufe yule git, alwase perwidin yu pa kash in advants; this is with noen. Havin now got the things fur yure sho, nex yu maust make on jine, that is, put the hors in yure stor, the stor in yure stabil, yure big pictoreals on to the stabil, yure bloser at the dore, an doan't you git no trasherer; be yure own trasherer, an look out fur bed hede—hev nun but the publick pers, boom ofr yu a quid pro q for yure pollitenes. The curcusest part of it ime now goen to inform yu uv: insted uv puttin yure wunderful hors into his stort kod it most, doant yu du it, or it taint no sho; oh, no, not fur Josef. Yu jist take yure spotted hors by the hed, an bak him in tords the fruntwards inter the stort, an there, shure enuf, is yure grate curesosity, a livin live hors with his hed ware his tale ort to be. I was blower for sich a sho afore I cum to the CLIPPER, an I se now I was sho pa as that thare did; but wi'l tell it wun day when I'm dedd.

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THE SIXTH ORPHEON FUND CONCERT was given on April 6th, at Association Hall, Twenty-third street and Fourth avenue. The hall was well filled and the programme, which was varied and well selected, was performed in a pleasing manner by the artists; Miss Beebe, the soprano, giving especial satisfaction.

MR. JAMES LEWIS, in reference to the statement made by our Boston correspondent that he, Lewis, was to be engaged for Selwyn's Theatre in case Stuart Robson could not be retained, wishes to say that Mr. Lewis refused Mr. Selwyn's offer some six weeks ago, he having already signed articles with Mr. Daly for next season.

THEODORE MOSS, treasurer of Wallack's Theatre, has been confined to his house by inflammatory rheumatism, we regret to hear.

THE MARTINETTI FAMILY of pantomimists are expected to arrive in this city overland from California on the 20th inst., as they were to have left San Francisco on the 12th inst.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE announces an unusually attractive programme for the current week, when, in addition to the large company connected with the establishment, Lew Simmons and George Coes will appear in some of their laughable acts. Mr. J. C. Stewart will make his marvelous changes. Miss Jenny Kimball will show as the youth that never saw a woman, and Master Barney will display his agility. Mons. Thorne, who intends to fly on the stage, gets up a very interesting entertainment, and never permits the performance to flag.

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"PIPPIN: OR THE KING OF THE GOLD MINES," was produced for the first time at Niblo's Theatre on Monday, the 4th inst., the occasion being the first appearance of the Lydia Thompson troupe of blonde burlesquers since their return from the battle fields of Chicago. "Pippin," according to the programme, is "a grand spectacular burlesque extravaganza, in two acts, founded upon one of the celebrated stories of the Grimm Brothers, and specially written and adapted for the American stage." The troupe was welcomed by a very large audience, despite the storm. We dropped in during the week to see the fair Lydia and found the house full, the fair sex forming a very small minority of the assemblage on the occasion, and of those present but few were of the class we are accustomed to see at the leading establishments. The cast of characters embraced the full force of the newly organized troupe and was as follows:—

King Oddsandeni, the Orrible.....	Mr. W. B. Cahill
Prince Pippin.....	Miss Lydia Thompson
Prince Dolitus.....	Miss Lina Edwin
Baron Nowlitz.....	Mr. W. Brutone
Twigdetto.....	Miss Alice Atherton
Fechter's Double.....	Mr. Harry Jackson
Flourimpasse.....	Mr. T. Chapman
Fraulein Sensibrains.....	Belles of the Village,
Fraulein Kittenspitz.....	Miss Strickland
Secker—.....	Milton Holland
Gantry—.....	Mr. Price
Montmorency.....	Mr. Quigley
Dame Flourimpasse.....	Mr. Harry Beckett
Prince Opaliba.....	Miss Pauline Markham
Lillikoe.....	Miss Kitty Weatherby
Grandmother.....	Mr. John Dana
Baroness Giggle.....	Miss Robinson
Countess Saggle.....	Miss Lippincott
1st Hunter.....	Miss Hughes
2d Hunter.....	Miss Williams
Belles of the Village,	Miss Hamilton
	Miss Strickland

The burlesque has been handsomely placed upon the stage, with some very attractive scenery, new costumes and good appointments generally. There are five scenes in the first act, of which the first and third are noteworthy for excellence. The second act has four scenes, the best of which are the second and fourth. The burlesque opens with a scene representing the enchanted groves of the yellow knave of the play, and in this Harry Jackson makes his *entree* and gets off some capital imitations of Fechter; indeed, his make-up in countenance is a counterfeit presentment of "ye eminent foreigner." Lydia and Eliza also put in an appearance in this scene, as also John Dunn, who makes a capital granny. The next scene transports us to the palace of the king, and here we behold Cahill as Pippin, in all his glory. Anon, we find ourselves looking at the mill scene—the third—which is quite a picturesque one. In this Jackson again makes some telling hits in burlesqueing Fechter in Lagadere; indeed, his imitations of the peculiarities of the illustrious Charles, are among the best features of the burlesque. Becket, too, puts in a good appearance in this scene, and in make-up and acting is really artistic; he put us in mind of the senior Walcott when he used to play in the light burlesques at Mitchell's Olympic and Chatham, but he is not quite fat enough in his speech. She, however, gives us the true pathos, wominliness and depth of feeling the character calls for. In this character—Lillian Vavassour—we have a representative young lady of the latest school of her class; and in striking though not unpleasant contrast, comes in the character of Fanny Bunter, as a silly sentimentalist of the school of Lydia Languish, and this character Miss Kitty Phillips personates with artistic skill, as a representative man of the wealthy snob school, or what we call "shoddyites," in this country, we have, in Mr. Bunter, just the style of character, and Stoddard is fully at home in the part. Bunter, by the way, is one of those singular mixtures of worldly shrewdness and pious professions, of men who wear boalness in their hearts on week days and religion as a Sunday dress, who are to be seen daily life by the thousand. Bunter is a slightly exaggerated specimen of this class, and Stoddard does not lessen the contrast between the practice and precept of the character; on the contrary, he enhances it, and to please the thoughtless, sacrifices a good point he might otherwise have made. But the part is one of his best, nevertheless, and he is ably assisted by Mrs. Sefton, who knows how to personate the vulgar *parvenue* to the life. The character of Blasenbalg, by Williamson, is decidedly the best effort we ever saw that actor make; both in make-up and acting is the personation artistic. As we before remarked, the whole plot of the play turns upon the financial troubles of the Vavassour family, and on the efforts made by the lady of the house to extricate themselves by means of a wealthy marriage for their daughter. The under currents of the plot are supplied by the desire of Bunter to get hold of the acres of the Vavassour estate, on which he has discovered iron ore, and by the struggles made by the vulgar wealthy man to imitate the style of the aristocratic owner of the old acres. In developing these phases of character the honesty of the self made English merchant is made to stand out in bright colors, which are varied and effective, and performed in a pleasing manner by the artists; Miss Beebe, the soprano, giving especial satisfaction.

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City Summary.

WHEN TAMMANY, under its new management, and with its new company, opened its doors to the public on Monday evening, April 4th, it was during a heavy snow storm, yet notwithstanding the unfavorable condition of the weather there was a very large audience in attendance; but the elements inside gave early evidence of being almost as turbulent as those without, the result evidently of drinking and smoking in the auditorium, the liquor, "Our Jim" informs us, being very quarrelsome and illnatured, and the segars of a deleterious compound. Amid this assemblage of men, whisky and tobacco, might have been seen six females who probably were not aware of the change, or they would not have been there. We made mention of the new company, "Risley's Combination," as it is called, in last week's CLIPPER. There was a strong a determination on the part of a portion of the audience not to be pleased with the new comers, and several of them were hissed and guyed in a manner not at all creditable to an American audience, for these people were strangers here, and should have been treated leniently on their first appearance in the metropolis of America, notwithstanding they did not come up to the expectations formed of them by the announcement of the wonderful abilities of the Risley Troupe. That they do not in a whole fulfill expectations, is true; but there are individual members of the troupe who are really very clever, and whose performances are deserving of all the applause which has been showered upon them. Among these are G. W. Jester, the ventriloquist, and Mr. Augouste, the juggler; these gentlemen excel in their respective lines of business. Azella, the female gymnast, has also appeared to advantage; the platform is now laid down in five minutes, and she performs her various feats capitally; the somersaults, while passing through the air from trapeze to trapeze, being a remarkable performance. Azella is a pretty little woman with a good figure, and her appearance is prepossessing. The Spanish dancers do not impress the spectators favorably, we are sorry to say; neither do the vocalists meet with much applause—Miss Alford's dancing is far better than her singing. Sidney Frank, the comic singer, has had up hill work of it; on the opening night the gods were rather rough on Sidney, hissing him unmercifully; he is striving to win his way to public favor, and we sincerely hope he may succeed. The living pictures are not put upon the stage in such a way as to aid them; surroundings of trees, etc., not being in keeping with the subjects represented. Augouste, the juggler, is a big success; among the several astonishing things he does is that of tossing in the air, and keeping in motion with his hands, an iron ball of twelve or fifteen pounds weight, probably, a champagne bottle and an egg; this is a very difficult feat, yet it seems easy to him. Tanner and his dogs and monkey we have seen in early enough to suit us; (they open the entertainment;) therefore we cannot speak of them from observation. If merit is to be judged by the applause bestowed, then Cool Burgess, the "nigger minstrel," is "up head," for he is nightly the recipient of the most marked tokens of popular favoritism, the applause being of the most healthy description; double *encores* greet him in each of his acts. Messrs. Howard, Carter and Cole, also of the colored persuasion, come in for like evidences of approbation. On the second night the attendnce fell off, and at no time during the week has the house been full, although the audiences have been quite large; the orchestra and parquet circle have been pretty full each night; the upper circle has been divided into 50 and 25 cent seats, and while the 25 cent portion has been full, the 50 cent section has been nearly empty on some evenings, and at no time one third full. So much for that. Now a word about the management. If Mr. Grover's management was bad, the present is worse. From the time when the new *regime* took possession until now a great lack of judgment and energy has been manifested. On the opening night there was not a light displayed in front except the street lights; no invitations were extended to the press, which may account for the wonderful silence which the papers have manifested concerning the place; there was no attractive posters put up, no pictures at the entrance, the big heavy doors being kept closed until evening. Nothing seems to have been done to awaken enthusiasm, or to place the new company in a proper manner before the public. What is the result of all this? Distrust and discord among the parties interested in the speculation, and dissatisfaction among the performers. A Mr. Johnston, of England, invested heavily in the speculation of sending the Risley Combination to America; not being able to come here himself, he appointed two other gentlemen, also of England, to accompany the troupe, and look out for his interests; so dissatisfied are these gentlemen with the way matters are managed at Tammany that they last week telegraphed to Mr. Johnston to start for New York immediately, in order to guard his rights and the rights of his people, and that gentleman is now on his way, and may be looked for here next week. We are surprised at the apathy exhibited by the new Tammany management, and can account for it in no other way than under the supposition that certain interests are to be sacrificed for ulterior ends of a private nature. A week or two longer will solve the problem, until which time let us possess our souls in patience.

"THE TWELVE TEMPTATIONS" still holds the boards of the Grand Opera House, and what with the grand scenic effects, the splendid costumes, the brilliant dancing, etc., it is a very entertaining representation. Although feeling the depressing effect of the Lenten season, the houses have been fair.

"SNOO FLY" shows what a little push will do. Although this now popular song and dance was given by Delehanty and Hengler at Bryant's some time before Daniel and David essayed it, it created no enthusiasm; nevertheless it was exceedingly well done. Daniel saw in it the elements of success, however, so when Delehanty and Hengler closed their engagement, Dan Bryant and Dave Reed adopted the "Shoo Fly" as their mainstay, and widely advertised in the papers and by pictorial posters, and it at once became the sensation of the day; General Benjamin F. Butler even condescending to introduce it in the U. S. Senate. It is still on at Bryant's.

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A COMPLIMENTARY TESTIMONIAL is to be given to J. F. Dillon, at Union Hall, Broadway and Twenty-third-street, on Monday evening, April 18th.

LOUISA AND JENNY ARNOT are expected to arrive in this city next week overland from California, for the purpose of obtaining an opening at some of our city theatres. Louisa does leading business, while Jenny is a *soubrette*. They were formerly of the Marsh troupe of comedians, but of late have been in China, Japan, Australia and California. Louisa is the wife of Harry Bartine, the acrobat, and Jenny married a Victoria gentleman.

THE SIXTH ORPHEON FUND CONCERT was given on April 6th, at Association Hall, Twenty-third street and Fourth avenue. The hall was well filled and the programme, which was varied and well selected, was performed in a pleasing manner by the artists; Miss Beebe, the soprano, giving especial satisfaction.

MR. JAMES LEWIS, in reference to the statement made by our Boston correspondent that he, Lewis, was to be engaged for Selwyn's Theatre in case Stuart Robson could not be retained, wishes to say that Mr. Lewis refused Mr. Selwyn's offer some six weeks ago, he having already signed articles with Mr. Daly for next season.

THEODORE MOSS, treasurer of Wallack's Theatre, has been confined to his house by inflammatory rheumatism, we regret to hear.

THE MARTINETTI FAMILY of pantomimists are expected to arrive in this city overland from California on the 20th inst., as they were to have left San Francisco on the 12th inst.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE announces an unusually attractive programme for the current week, when, in addition to the large company connected with the establishment, Lew Simmons and George Coes will appear in some of their laughable acts. Mr. J. C. Stewart will make his marvelous changes. Miss Jenny Kimball will show as the youth that never saw a woman, and Master Barney will display his agility. Mons. Thorne, who intends to fly on the stage, gets up a very interesting entertainment, and never permits the performance to flag.

OLE BULL is to give a concert on Saturday afternoon next. Adelaide Bull is his manager. It ought to be a Bully affair.

"PIPPIN: OR THE KING OF THE GOLD MINES," was produced for the first time at Niblo's Theatre on Monday, the 4th inst., the occasion being the first appearance of the Lydia Thompson troupe of blonde burlesquers since their return from the battle fields of Chicago. "Pippin," according to the programme, is "a grand spectacular burlesque extravaganza, in two acts, founded upon one of the celebrated stories of the Grimm Brothers, and specially written and adapted for the American stage." The troupe was welcomed by a very large audience, despite the storm. We dropped in during the week to see the fair Lydia and found the house full, the fair sex forming a very small minority of the assemblage on the occasion, and of those

Dramatic.

THE DEAD ARTISTS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY G. C. HOWARD.

Our immortal poet's page
Tells us what is true:
That the world is all a stage,
Men but players too,
Picturing through every age
Life's eventful page.

Watch them vanish from the scene,
See them pass from sight;
Gone, as if they ne'er had been,
To eternity's night—
And the moral throbs the brain
With a feverish pain.

In the private walks of life,
Those who move so strong
Think the green-room always rife
With a cheerful song,
Though the boards may lively seem,
Duty-smiles have cares between.

One bath quickly disappeared
Who, two weeks ago,
As a player well was heard
In the minic show.
Resignation bring relief
To the widow's quiet grief.

Mark the artist's strife to feign,
Then afflicted turn.
While each thought is tinged with pain
Real sorrows burn.
Little do the audience know
When the actors suffer woe.

How the casts diminish here!
How the artists fall!
The profession's grateful tear
Moistens each pall,
And the public yield a sigh
When their faithful servants die.

NEW YORK, April 9th, 1870.

AT AIKEN'S MUSEUM, Chicago, the past week commenced with the benefit of Miss Katie Mahew. This was her first benefit and the auditorium was filled, despite the strong attractions at other places. The bill included the comedy of "Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady," with Mr. Aikens, Miss Mayhew, Mrs. Allen and Mrs. Skoneall sustaining the principal parts, followed by "Asmodeus, or the Devil's Share," in which Miss Mayhew and Mr. Blaisdell took the leading characters. The performance ended with "Mischief Making," Miss Mayhew appearing as Manette, with songs and dances, which were neatly rendered. On Tuesday evening, 5th, "Oliver Twist" was given, and on Wednesday, J. C. Padgett took a benefit. The programme embraced "Little Emily," which was followed by "Dreams of Delusion," "Ernestine" and "The Child of the Regiment."

BUSINESS IN SAN FRANCISCO may be summed up as follows:—"The Duke's Motto" at the California draws splendidly; the Spanish Opera at the Metropolitan, well; Frank Drew at the Alhambra drew nothing; Maguire's closed.

JOHN S. LANGRISHE is building a new Theatre at Cedar Creek, Montana.

AMY STONE was to open at Salt Lake on the 4th of April. The new movement Mormons intend to build a new Theatre in Salt Lake, it is said.

THE ZAVISTOWSKIS have been doing well at Sacramento and Stockton, and opened again at the Alhambra, San Francisco, on the 4th of April.

MAGGIE MITCHELL commences, April 18th, a three weeks' tour of the New England cities, under the management of Messrs. Lowell and Simmonds.

A FEW RESPONSIBLE PEOPLE are wanted to support a first-class star. Address J. H. Jones as per advertisement.

MRS. W. C. GLADSTANE is the next star at the California Theatre, San Francisco, commencing on April 18th.

MR. S. CHANFRAU, who has been secured for a star engagement at the California Theatre, San Francisco, commences late in May.

FRANK DREW proved a failure at the Alhambra Theatre, San Francisco.

JOHN E. MCCULLOUGH, manager of the California Theatre, San Francisco, intends visiting New York early in June, and will make a lengthy visit. He will be followed shortly by John T. Raymond, his low comedian, who has a leave of absence of six weeks.

BARTON'S NEW OPERA HOUSE, Syracuse, has been leased for a dramatic season, commencing with its inaugural night, May 9th, by those enterprising managers, Messrs. Lowell and Simmonds.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON opened a two weeks' engagement at the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore, on Monday, 4th inst., in "Rip Van Winkle." A critical and a fashionable audience—immense in quantity and most refined in quality—greeted Mr. Jefferson's return to the Monumental City. Rip Van Winkle is a character whose popularity cannot be impaired by the lapse of ages, and which, like the creations of Shakespeare, will ever be witnessed with ardor and avidity by overflowing audiences. Mr. Jefferson was ably supported by Miss Isabel Van Winkle, Little Hendrick and Meenie by La Petite Florence Stanley and De Vere, Derrick Von Beekman by P. A. Anderson, Nicholas Vedder by S. K. Knapp in the first act, and in the third act Vanderhoof as Hendrick Vedder, Lillie Eldridge as Meenie, and Howard as Cockles. Up to date, 8th, no diminution in the thronged attendance. The "Rivals," "Heir at Law" and "Ticket-of-Leave-Man" will be produced this week.

OF ST. LOUIS THEATRICALS we are advised by our correspondent, "Mound City," as follows:—"At De Bar's Opera House, the Wesmael *Ballet* and Pantomime Troupe brought their unsuccessful engagement to a close April 2d. The troupe had been engaged for two weeks, but owing to some misunderstanding between them and the management of this house, it lasted but one week. The regular company, under the management of G. D. Chaplin, return after a short visit to the surrounding burghs. On Monday evening, 4th, the comedy of 'School' was presented to a fair but enthusiastic audience; the character of Captain Jack Poynts was ably sustained by G. D. Chaplin. Miss M. A. Pennoyer, as Bella, played her part

were accorded her. In another portion of the play she sang an Irish song (written for her by Robert McWade) and danced a milkmaid jig with a reflector, which was quite astonishing. Harry Meeks, from the Holliday, Baltimore, appeared as the German sharper, and acted with much humor. It was his first appearance in this city. May Saville dressed with exquisite taste and acted the part of Stella admirably. Mr. Varrey had a part just suited to his abilities, and he performed it well. Claude Hamilton was entirely successful in the character assumed, and Mrs. Germon is entitled to commendation. Frank Foster did very well, and J.-P. Kilbourne, who reappeared after an absence of several months, was quite acceptable. Kate Claxton appeared to much better advantage than she did at any time during Mr. Jefferson's engagement. On the 8th inst. a colored man, accompanied by a white woman, were admitted to orchestra chairs. Parties who seemed to have reserved the chairs adjoining them exhibited displeasure and were given other seats. During Mr. Jefferson's engagement a party of negroes occupied a box and witnessed the play of 'Rip Van Winkle.' These instances are mentioned merely to show how we are progressing in this vicinity. It is currently reported that a company is being formed in New York and Washington for the purpose of erecting a new theatre in this city. It is designed to have an imposing structure, with large and spacious stores on the ground floor. The building is to be completed early in the spring of next year, and a prominent New York manager is named as having been tendered the management."

THE CHAPMAN SISTERS and C. B. Bishop are to open at the Opera House, Elmira, N. Y., for a short season, on the 18th inst., under John T. Ford's management.

THE "MELISSA BRESLAU TROUPE" were "billed" for Rockport, Ill., the 4th, 7th, and 9th inst.

THOMPSON'S NEW OPERA HOUSE, Lynn, Mass., inaugurated its first regular dramatic season Monday, April 4th, and notwithstanding the fearful storm the house was well filled. The opening piece was "Rip Van Winkle," with John Murray in the character of Rip. The company consists of Frank A. Tannehill, Wm. Scanlan, Harry Crisp, J.K. Kerger, C. E. Churchill, D. Nourse, Wm. H. Stewart, Fred. Wilson, J. Barrows, Misses Emma Hall, Belle Montrose, Lottie Murray, Mrs. D. Nourse, Miss Emma Warden, &c., with John Murray as manager and Charles A. Wing agent. On Thursday evening, 7th, the house was packed, and large numbers were unable to gain admittance. Mr. L. R. Shewell and Josie Orton open for six nights on the 11th.

OUR ADVICES from Cincinnati, dated the 8th inst., run as follows:—"Edwin Adams has been playing the second and last week of a successful engagement at Wood's Theatre. 'Enoch Arden' was not only run the entire opening week, but Monday and Tuesday of this week. It has been well put on and well acted, and deserved the success it met with. On Wednesday evening, 'Othello' was given, with Mr. Adams as Iago, Gotthold as Othello, Whiting as Cassio, Annie Waite as Desdemona, and Charlotte Crampton as Emilia. The Iago of Edwin Adams is the one usually given, whose villainy was so apparent that Othello was extremely blind not to see it; but it was a very effective piece of acting, and pleased everybody. 'Macbeth' was given the following (last) evening, and probably was on the whole more satisfactory. To-night (Friday) for his benefit, Mr. Adams will appear as Rover in 'Wild Oats,' followed by 'Dreams of Delusion,' in which Adams plays Sir Bernard Harleigh. To-morrow (Saturday) the bill is 'Enoch Arden.' The support of Annie Waite in the leading female roles has been excellent. Next (this) week Madame Sanyeah, the gymnast, is to be the attraction.....Mr. E. L. Davenport failed to open at the National this week, being confined in Pittsburgh by an attack of gout, an accident which was a genuine disappointment. In consequence, Little Nellie was re-engaged, together with some other attractions. The Torres brothers, (Leonardo and Emilio) trapeze performers, have been performing here during this week. 'Katherine and Petruchio' and 'Ireland as it Was' were first given, with E. F. Thorne as Petruchio, Clara Morris as the Shrew, and Little Nellie as Judy O'Trot. On Wednesday evening Miss Katie Tilston appeared as Hamlet, in a travestie on that tragedy, with Edwin Wight as Ophelia, and Ada Dow as Horatio. Hamlet looked *petite* and pretty, and was enacted with spirit. It has been kept on all the rest of the week. In addition to the burlesque, Little Nellie has appeared in a succession of farces, and also in banjo solos, and the Torres brothers have given their gymnastic exhibitions. Mr. Davenport still remains ill, and the management is rather put to it for attractions for next week. Little Nellie will probably be re-engaged, though this is not certain."

LAURA KEENE will appear in Richmond, Va., on May 2d, and among other attractions will produce "Frou-Frou."

MISS FANNY B. PRICE'S residence near Elmira, N. Y., being unoccupied, was entered by burglars on the 26th ult., and a large amount of property stolen—silver ware, carpets, beds and bedding, trunks of clothing, library, &c. This is a heavy loss to the young *artiste*, who is now filling engagements in the south. She commences an engagement at Baton Rouge, La., April 18th, supported by the Vicksburg Opera House company.

THE LISA WEBER BLONDE BURLESQUE TROUPE appeared at New-Haven, Conn., April 8th and 9th, and created quite a sensation in that city; the blondes were well received and drew two immense houses. "Ixion" was presented on the opening night, after which a variety olio was given, in which Mr. and Mrs. Brennan appeared in their songs, and were *encored*. Next appeared the song and dance artists, Delehanty and Hengler, who were called out five times. "Dora Bella" was given on the following night, in which Righton appeared in the title *role*.

WOOD'S STAR COMBINATION opened at Stamford, Conn., April 4th, to a poor house. They were to have played at Norwalk on April 5th, but the organization disbanded.

EDWIN FORREST was announced to appear at Burlington, Ia., on the 7th inst. as Hamlet, and on the 8th as Richelieu, aided by Miss Lillie and W. Harris, under W. M. Holland's management.

MISS ALICE PLACIDE opened in Trenton, N. J., on the 7th inst. with "Elizabeth," to a good house. She was to open in Bordentown, N. J., on the 11th inst. in "Elizabeth."

AT SPRINGFIELD, ILL., Edwin Forrest drew crowded houses on the 1st and 2d inst., and McKean Buchanan and troupe did good business there all last week.

FROM LITTLE ROCK, Arkansas, we learn through our correspondent, "Harry," that "on the 30th ult. a complimentary benefit was tendered to Mr. Dalton, for which occasion he appeared as Richelieu, with Miss Annie Tiffany as Julie. On the 1st inst., a complimentary testimonial was tendered Miss Tiffany, when she appeared as Camille, and was presented with a magnificent gold watch and chain by the president of the city council, in behalf of the citizens of Little Rock. To-night is for the benefit of the management, when 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' is the bill."

THE PARK THEATRE, BROOKLYN, did a good business last week. The opening night was Conway's benefit, and despite the storm the attendance was flattering. The performance was the "School for Scandal," with Mr. and Mrs Conway as Sir Peter and Lady Pearl, Carroll as Joseph Surface, and Bates as Charles Surface. On Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday "Uncle Tom" was played to full houses, and on Friday and Saturday "Oliver Twist" drew crowded houses. On Friday Mr. Carroll took his benefit, and "standing room only" was the order of the evening. He played Fagin in "Oliver Twist" very finely. "The Rake's Progress," one of the sensational school of plays, is announced for this week. Mrs. Bowers will shortly appear at the Park.

A NEW PLAY entitled "Minnie's Luck; or the Ups and Downs of City Life," has been written for Leona Cavender, by John Brougham, and will shortly be produced in the neighborhood of New York.

ANNIE CORNFORTH, burlesque actress, now traveling with the Lisa Weber Troupe, can be addressed as per advertisement.

OWEN FAWCETT, low comedian, late of the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, opens at the National Theatre, Washington, D. C., on April 18th.

THINGS THEATRICAL IN BOSTON are thus chronicled by our correspondent, "Coriolanus," under date of April 9th:—"'Lost at Sea,' the united effort of Messrs. Boucicault and Byron, was produced at Selwyn's Theatre on Monday evening, 4th inst. It is a play which, in a literary point of view, ought to shame either gentleman mightily, but being the result of their two brains, is a disgrace to them. In fact, it has no literary merit whatever. The plot is not new, the characters are all of the standard type, and the dialogue is silly and weak. Yet, with the adjuncts of fine acting and splendid scenery—both of which it has received at Selwyn's—it manages to achieve quite a success. As you have had the play in New York it is unnecessary for me to recount the plot. The cast at Selwyn's drawn upon the best strength of the company. Frederic Robinson acts Walter Coram admirably, playing with a quiet dignity and refinement. W. J. Le Moyne has a part after his own heart as Doctor Jessop, and it is needless to say that his performance was as near perfect as one could well wish. Stuart Robson as Jim Smyley was very funny and very artistic in acting and make-up. Daly played Rawlings in first class style. Mrs. Barry was very pleasing and natural as Katy Jessop, though the part does not afford very great opportunities for displaying her fine talents. McKee Rankin as Lord Colebrook was only fair; Mary Wells gave another of her admirable character actings as Mrs. Jessop, and Virginia Buchanan did well enough as Laura. The rest of the cast was also well done, but needs no especial mention. The scenic effects were first class, as everything is at this house. Especial mention is due the great fire scene, which was wonderfully real and thrilling; also the pier at the Hungerford Bridge, which was a perfect gem in its way—a most natural and life-like picture. The banking room of Mr. Franklin was another admirable scene—but, indeed, the whole play was completely and magnificently mounted. It deserves for this alone a long run. Harry Josephs is to rejoin the company next season, I hear. .....At the Museum, 'She Stoops to Conquer' continues to draw crowded houses. To-night, George M. Baker, an amateur with several amateur assists of musical note, will give his original sketch of 'Bon Boas,' and, as he has given the same several times before quite acceptably, he will doubtless have a good audience. I omitted to mention above that the farce of the 'Widow's Victim' has preceded 'She Stoops to Conquer' at every performance, in which Hardenbergh imitates in a capital style several noted actors, among whom were Forrest, Fechter, Barney Williams and others. Next (this) week 'She Stoops to Conquer' continues its attractions. Mrs. Howard Paul is to appear here on Saturday evening, April 16th, as Lady Macbeth and Hecate in 'Macbeth'.....The Olympic was opened Past Night by J. B. Booth, with a portion of his Boston Theatre company, the play being 'Under the Gas Light,' to which a very fair audience was gathered. Louis Aldrich was quite moderately successful as Snorkey, not really doing himself justice, as for Frank Roch's Ray Trafford, it looked about as much like one of the New York bloods as a Chinaman would; it fact, it was simply an absurd performance. Weaver did very well as Byke, acting carefully and with taste. Maguinness made a fair Rafferdi. Mrs. J. B. Booth looked charmingly as Laura Cortland, and acted the part capitally. Helen Tracy looked prettily as Mrs. Cortland, and that is about all that can be said about her. Rachel Noah was admirable as Peach Blossom, acting with great vivacity and humor. The performance closed with the Irish farce of the 'Happy Man,' in which D. J. Maguinness did very well as 'Paddy Murphy.....Charles Fechter today completes his second week at the Boston Theatre. He played on Monday evening the 'Lady of Lyons,' acting Claude Melnotte. I must say, although I know it is heresy, that I don't like Fechter. To me his gestures are meaningless—there are altogether too many of them. He delivers his speeches *at* the audience—never, or seldom, to those on the stage with him. Witness at the end of the third act, where Pauline discovers that she has been deceived and Claude tells the story of his long love for her, he never once looks at her—his whole speech is delivered like a schoolboy's declamation towards the audience. But of course it is only bad taste in *me*, for his audiences fully appreciate him. On Monday evening they called him out, together with Miss LeClercq, at the end of each act, and then rose in their seats, cheered, waived their handkerchiefs, and so on. This Miss LeClercq deserved—not so Fechter. *He* has neither the form, voice nor talent for the part—*she* is exquisite. I never saw a better Pauline than hers, and I may safely say I never want to. It was perfectly splendid, and I can hardly find words to praise her. Bangs made a very good Beauseant, and Mrs. Melinda Jones was acceptable as the Widow Melnotte; Shirley France was good as Glavis, as also Murdoch as Gaspar; Leslie Allen was very good indeed as Colonel Dumas, but Mrs. Morse was not at all successful as Madame Deschappelles. On Tuesday Fechter gave another representation of 'Hamlet,' which drew a very large house. It was a pleasing performance throughout. On Wednesday 'Ray Bias' came in for a repetition, and was exceedingly well rendered. Miss LeClercq again displayed her remarkable talents, acting Marianne with a sweetness, a gentleness delightful to see. On Thursday evening 'Lady of Lyons' was given again, and last night 'Hamlet' was repeated. This afternoon another performance of 'Lady of Lyons.' Next Monday, 11th, 'Ray Bias.' On Fast Day afternoon the stock company gave 'Not Guilty' with the assistance of the Harrington Guards and Gilmore's Band, and the same is to be given to-night, as it is quite popular. Joe Jefferson follows Fechter on Monday evening, April 18, in his specialty, 'Rip Van Winkle.'.....At George W. Blatchford's benefit at the Museum, on Saturday evening last, 2d instant, an exceedingly large audience was assembled to witness the eighth representation of 'She Stoops to Conquer'—a worthy tribute to the services of a man who for the last eighteen years—first as assistant and afterwards as full treasurer—has done his duty well and faithfully. He was presented with a handsome gold watch and chain—on the first of which was inscribed 'G. W. Blatchford, Boston, from his friends, April 2d, 1870.'.....It is rumored that a troupe of French actors is soon to visit us for the purpose of producing 'Frou-Frou' in the original—when, I can't say."

LED HUDSON, one of the Maseppa heroines, concluded her engagement at the Academy of Music, Omaha, N. T., on the 2d inst., and had the misfortune to lose two nights through sickness. The consequence was that it was not profitable.

IN LOUISVILLE, KY., the Opera House for the past two or three weeks has been doing comparatively a small business, but notwithstanding, the diminutive audiences, and the usual lull in amusement matters during the Lenten season, Manager H. C. Bates has nightly presented attractions which at any other period would have filled the house. Our correspondent "Renraw" writes:—"On Monday, April 4th, 'Enoch Arden' was given, Mr. E. T. Sleeth appearing in the title *role*; Harry Duffield as Philip Ray, Mr. Pierce as Grammett, Mr. Nichols as Ben the Boatswain, Miss Minnie Monk as Annie, Miss Ada Monk as Miriam, etc. On Friday night, Mr. C. T. Nichols took his benefit. The bill for the occasion was 'London Assurance' and 'The Specire Bridegroom.' The intermission between the pieces was enlivened by a ballad sung by Mr. J. W. Parson Price. After the comedy, Mr. Nichols was presented with a purse of greenbacks, and we are confident that had its bulk been double, it would not have been appreciated as much by the audience as their 'Nichols.' Next (this) week Buckley's Minstrels have possession of the Opera House, the company opening the performance with a farce."

ELISE HOLT, supported by Harry Ward, began a week's engagement at the Griswold Opera House, (Troy, N. Y.), on the 4th, opening in "Lucretia Borgia," which held the boards four nights to good houses. Miss Holt's appearance on the stage is very "taking" in her tight fitting costume; she plays with a great deal of abandon, and her style is much like Lotta's, only that Miss Holt is a little too "loud" for an audience composed mostly of ladies. Harry Ward made an immense hit as Lucretia Borgia, and was *encored* several times in his songs. Miss Fanny Prestige made a success as Orsina; Mr. E. A. Eberle was excellent as Jubetta, and the little put down for Mr. Harry Everitt to do as the Dook was well done.....Manager Everitt's farewell benefit on the 6th was a rouser. The bill dished up for this occasion had the effect of calling out one of the largest houses of the season. "A Son of the Republic," in which Yankee Robinson appeared, took the burlesque of "Lucretia Borgia;" Indian club swinging by Prof. O'Neil, singing by a local favorite, and a dance by little Susie Goodwin constituted the bill. So writes our correspondent "Mose."

GROUND HAS been broken for the new Opera House in Pittsburgh. The company for its erection has regularly organized under the act of incorporation. When completed, we are told, it will be one of the finest theatre buildings in the country, as the cost will probably be in the neighborhood of $400,000. Mr. C. D. Hess, present Manager of the Parepa Rosa Opera Company, will probably take the initiatory managerial control of the opera house.

MS. COPIES of "Frou-Frou" can be had of W. Hepburne, who advertises.

EMMA GRATTAN was in Detroit last week on her way to San Francisco, Cal., where she has an engagement.

Musical.

THE BERGEN FAMILY SWISS BELL RINGERS are still pushing southward, and at last accounts were meeting with considerable success in the principal towns in Alabama. They were in Greenville in that state on the 28th and 29th ult., and, being the first troupe of bell ringers that ever visited that town, they naturally met with a good reception. They closed with a three nights' engagement at Edwards' Opera House, Selma, Ala., on the 2d inst., where they are said to have been favored with the best business that has been seen in the house with their opening. Concerning their first night's performance the *Daily Times* of that city says:—"The weather was very unpromising last night, but we have seldom seen a larger and never a more refined and intelligent audience in this city than was assembled at the Opera House on the occasion of the first appearance of the Berger Family. And if the individual and collective opinion of the audience is to be taken as an evidence of the quality of the entertainment, the Bergers may congratulate themselves on having furnished the most elegant and pleasing performance ever given in the hall. We have never seen an entertainment where there was so much to commend and so little chance to find fault. The selections of music, the behavior of the performers while on the stage and the whole performance evince the most refined taste and judgment. We can honestly assure our readers that if they fail to see and hear them they will miss an entertainment the like of which will not be met with again here soon, if ever." The same paper of the 3d inst. speaks as follows concerning their second night:—"Another large and fashionable audience greeted the Berger Family last night. It is scarcely necessary for us to repeat what we have already said about the entertainments of this company. Each member of it is accomplished in his or her line, and, altogether, they form one of the most perfect musical combinations to be found anywhere. The lovers of fine music, either vocal or instrumental, will miss a rare treat if they fail to hear them during their present visit to the city." The Selma *Messenger* of the 3d says:—"In closing their engagement in this city the Bergers can carry with them the assurance that their entertainments have given more genuine satisfaction and elicited more hearty and sincere encomiums than any troupe of whatever character that has ever before visited the city. And well do they deserve it, for they are almost universal geniuses in whatever department they are placed. They form altogether a party the most varied and entertaining of any that we have ever met with. We have already spoken of the individual merits of the members of this company, but not in half such terms of commendation as they deserve, and this morning we merely wish to recommend them as individually and collectively possessing rare musical accomplishments, and to advise the lovers of chaste and elegant instrumental music and sweet and delicious vocalization to never let the opportunity pass to hear the Berger Family. We commend them to all music-loving people as a combination of rare musical artists." This company was billed for Marion, Ala., 4th and 5th; Meridian, Miss., 7th and 8th; Macon, 9th; and Columbus, Miss., 11th and 12th. After a *detour* northward as far as Jackson, Tenn., they resume their travels towards the Gulf of Mexico.

AUGUST SCHMITZ, late of Spencer's Light Guard Band, of Peoria, Ill., and formerly with Grau's Opera Troupe, died at Peoria on March 29th. As he was a good musician and much liked, the band gave his family the benefit of a concert on the evening of the 6th inst.

A MUSICIAN, who can play both string and brass and who is capable of leading a brass band, is wanted by Lord & Wilson. See advertisement.

OLE BULL gave a concert in Washington, D. C., on the 8th inst. and was assisted by Hattie Sanford, Wm. McDonald and Edward Hoffman.

THE PAREPA OPERA TROUPE commenced a week's engagement at the Opera House, Pittsburgh, on the 4th, opening to a large, but not crowded audience. Balfe's op-ra of the "Bohemian Girl" constituted the bill, with Rose Hersee as Arline, B. C. Campbell as Count Arnheim, H. Nordblom as Thaddeus and E. Seguin as Devilshoof. Our correspondent "J. E. H." says:—"Miss Rose Hersee has improved since her visit here last fall. She has become an excellent actress and at times sings exquisitely. Her rendering of the song, "I Dreamed I Dwelt in Marble Halls" was so satisfactory as to elicit abundant applause and an *encore*. Mr. Campbell is quite himself admirably. His singing of 'The Heart Bowed Down' was warmly applauded and a repetition demanded. Mr. Seguin's Devilshoof was thoroughly artistic. Mr. Nordblom made an acceptable Thaddeus. As an actor, he was not successful; but he beautifully sang Then You'll Remember Me.' The choruses and orchestra were full and efficient. 'Il Trovatore' was presented on the 5th to a much larger audience than on the preceding evening. As Leonora, Parepa Rosa was accorded an enthusiastic reception. Both her vocalization and acting brought forth generous applause. Mrs. Seguin was very happy as Azucena. At various times she was most cordially applauded. Her duett with Castle in the fourth act was one of the gems of the evening. Mr. Castle's Troubadour was a delightful personation. He deservedly shared with Parepa the honors of the occasion. The opera was very acceptably put upon the stage. Flotow's 'Martha' composed the bill on the 6th. The audience was one of the most fashionable and critical of the season. The opera throughout was capitally rendered. Parepa as Martha, Mrs. Seguin as Nancy, Mr. Castle as Lionel and Campbell as Plunkett, all gave the utmost satisfaction in the representation of their various parts. Parepa's singing of 'The Last Rose of Summer' was loudly *encored*. The English fair scene was pleasingly presented. A crowded and brilliant auditory assembled on the 7th to witness Mozart's master work, 'The Marriage of Figaro.' Parepa's interpretation of the character of Susanna charmed every one. Besides singing splendidly, she acted with a vivacity that seemed to take all present by surprise. Rose Hersee acquitted herself creditably as the Countess, and Mr. Seguin, as the page, Cherubino, was excellent. Balfe's opera of the 'Rose of Castile' was given on the 8th to a large and appreciative audience. The 'Bohemian Girl' will be repeated for Saturday's *matinee*, and, by general request, 'Martha' will be substituted for 'Der Freischutz' on Saturday evening, 9th."

AT UNION HALL, Taunton, Mass., a concert was given by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club of Boston on the 7th inst., which was well attended.

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Her company was sought after by the sports of the town, and no one connected with the San Francisco stage at that time had more favors bestowed upon her, but like a great many others who are surrounded with temptation, she partook of late suppers with friends, drank freely of the sparkling champagne, and this was kept up night after night, until it commenced to tell upon her. She went to Virginia City to play an engagement at Piper's Opera House, but appeared in only one night, as that fell destroyer which made her own worst enemy caused her to lose her engagement. She next appeared at a Melodeon called 'The Black Crook,' in the same city, a pretty hard 'dive.' Here she grew from bad to worse, until she had to leave. Returning to San Francisco, she was engaged at the Bella Union, and from there went to the Pacific Melodeon, both concert halls where ladies are not admitted except behind the curtain. Gradually she commenced to fall in the estimation of managers and public, owing to her 'weakness,' until she was compelled to earn a living in those terrible underground 'dives' where performers get from $2.50 to $3 a night, and what they can make in the wine-room. When a woman once enters these places she leaves all hope behind, and it proved so with Grace Darley, for, after eking out a miserable existence in these places, she appeared for the last time in public at Brooks' Canterbury, March 12th, and sang several songs. She was then taken so sick that she took to her bed, and the doctor attended her until what little money she had was gone, when she was removed to the County Hospital on Francisco street, on March 28th. The physician at the hospital informs me that she has got chronic pneumonia; that one lung is entirely gone, and that the rapid consumption. He entertains no hopes of her recovery, but thinks she may live a couple of weeks. When I first looked upon her I could not help remarking 'what a wreck,' for she is but the semblance of what she was, and the curtain is fast falling upon the last act. Excepting Dick and Kitty O'Niel, not a single professional has called upon her, or offered to assist her with a dollar, or consol her during hours with their presence. Concerning their first night's performance the *Daily Times* of that city says:—"The weather was very unpromising last night, but we have seldom seen a larger and never a more refined and intelligent audience in this city than was assembled at the Opera House on the occasion of the first appearance of the Berger Family. And if the individual and collective opinion of the audience is to be taken as an evidence of the quality of the entertainment, the Bergers may congratulate themselves on having furnished the most elegant and pleasing performance ever given in the hall. We have never seen an entertainment where there was so much to commend and so little chance to find fault. The selections of music, the behavior of the performers while on the stage and the whole performance evince the most refined taste and judgment. We can honestly assure our readers that if they fail to see and hear them they will miss an entertainment the like of which will not be met with again here soon, if ever." The same paper of the 3d inst. speaks as follows concerning their second night:—"Another large and fashionable audience greeted the Berger Family last night. It is scarcely necessary for us to repeat what we have already said about the entertainments of this company. Each member of it is accomplished in his or her line, and, altogether, they form one of the most perfect musical combinations to be found anywhere. The lovers of fine music, either vocal or instrumental, will miss a rare treat if they fail to hear them during their present visit to the city." The Selma *Messenger* of the 3d says:—"In closing their engagement in this city the Bergers can carry with them the assurance that their entertainments have given more genuine satisfaction and elicited more hearty and sincere encomiums than any troupe of whatever character that has ever before visited the city. And well do they deserve it, for they are almost universal geniuses in whatever department they are placed. They form altogether a party the most varied and entertaining of any that we have ever met with. We have already spoken of the individual merits of the members of this company, but not in half such terms of commendation as they deserve, and this morning we merely wish to recommend them as individually and collectively possessing rare musical accomplishments, and to advise the lovers of chaste and elegant instrumental music and sweet and delicious vocalization to never let the opportunity pass to hear the Berger Family. We commend them to all music-loving people as a combination of rare musical artists." This company was billed for Marion, Ala., 4th and 5th; Meridian, Miss., 7th and 8th; Macon, 9th; and Columbus, Miss., 11th and 12th. After a *detour* northward as far as Jackson, Tenn., they resume their travels towards the Gulf of Mexico.

AUGUST SCHMITZ, late of Spencer's Light Guard Band, of Peoria, Ill., and formerly with Grau's Opera Troupe, died at Peoria on March 29th. As he was a good musician and much liked, the band gave his family the benefit of a concert on the evening of the 6th inst.

A MUSICIAN, who can play both string and brass and who is capable of leading a brass band, is wanted by Lord & Wilson. See advertisement.

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H. C. BATES, MANAGER.
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VARIETIES THEATRE, N. O.
Those ladies and gentlemen who have honored me with applications for engagements for the season of 1870-71, are herewith respectfully informed that I have decided not to renew my present lease of the Varieties Theatre, which expires July 1st, 1870.
W. R. FLOYD.
New Orleans, March 16th, 1870. 2-1t

A CARD.
TO HOTEL PROPRIETORS,
BILL POSTERS, &c.
A person calling himself HARRY BROADWAY, alias HARRY CARPENTER, and claiming Utica, N. Y., as his home, lately absconded from our employment, taking with him, or disposing of a large quantity of printing, and borrowing various sums of money from Hotel Proprietors and Bill Posters, contrary to our express orders; is still, as we are informed by telegrams received by us, victimising Landlords, &c., by claiming to be our agent. This person, hearing that we were on his track, telegraphed an unmitigated lie to the effect that his mother had died and he would return in three days. This was on Saturday, March 26th. Since that date he has carefully avoided us, and from telegrams which we are daily receiving we find he is still pursuing his old game.
We therefore CAUTION ALL OUR FRIENDS
against this dishonest man, who signs himself
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